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BACK TO THE BICYCLE

Natural color photograph
by ERNEST NUTT

My dearest Edwina Lorraine...

TO-MORROW you will be four months old.

Again you must be congratulated, for in spite of all adversities you are continuing to thrive and grow into a good, hearty state of young womanhood.

You know, Teddie, I think to-night, the eve of your four-monthly celebration, would be a fitting time to review your life to date.

Don't you think so, too?

It was on August 27—just sixteen days after your father's birthday—that you first made your bow to this topsy-turvy old world, and what a queer place it must have seemed to you, too.

Queer, because for one thing the second most important person in your life wasn't there to make your acquaintance.

He was away, as your mother expresses it, having the time of his life, "putting on the uniform," but he was thinking of you, Teddie, and worrying terribly.

However, you finally met him three days later. And what a meeting!

It is quite safe to tell you now how he felt about you. Like all fathers he was half hoping that you would be a boy, until about three months before you were born. And then, like all fathers, he began to think that it didn't matter very much what you were, boy or girl, so long as your entry into the world was not too tempestuous.

Then, just before you were born, like all fathers again, he began to pray, in his own rough fashion, that everything would be all right. He began to pray for he didn't know what.

And then, when he received word that you had made your curtsy in a well-behaved and lady-like manner, he breathed freely again, and after the fashion of all fathers again he puffed out his chest and said, "There, didn't I tell you? Aren't I a great cove?"

And began crowing and shouting the news from the housetops and asking everyone to look at him and see for themselves what a very wonderful chap he was.

However, Edwina Lorraine, he finally met you on the night of the 30th. But it must be confessed that

... a soldier's letter to his baby



EDWINA LORRAINE, whose father wrote her a letter for her four-months' anniversary.

this crowing peacock, this doer of great deeds, was a little weak at the knees and a little uncertain of himself just before he did meet you.

He thought: "I'm just a little disappointed that she is not a boy. How can I show sufficient enthusiasm for a little girl baby who, like all young babies, will be wrinkled and red and prawnlike?"

"How can I show enough appreciation to this mother, my wife, for all her mental and physical suffering in order to reproduce both her and me?"

He thought a thousand fumbled

things as he blundered into a ward, but all these jumbled thoughts clarified themselves into one crystal-clear thought as he looked upon his wife and his sweetheart lying there.

She seemed no longer a girl, with whom he had had oceans of fun and happiness, for she had blossomed forth into womanhood.

She had taken on herself a new and great dignity as if saying quietly, "There you are. I've fulfilled one of my purposes in life."

And then, Teddie, you came in, and my goodness, what a pleasant surprise!

There was no wrinkled, red, and prawnlike creature. There was no little girl baby about whom he would have to simulate conventional enthusiasm, but a beautiful healthy baby with a lovely complexion, her mother's eyes and chubby little nose and the sweetest little mouth.

A baby of whom any father would justly be proud.

And when this great guy looked and saw you two, his wife and her baby, together, he then knew with utmost certainty what he had been longing and praying for. This was fulfillment.

Foolish father

ON Saturday, September 6, you left hospital and then your little troubles began. Goodness gracious me, what anxiety you caused. All because you had an empty tummy which we didn't know about.

But your mother had a good idea, though, and your father in his swashbuckling manner wouldn't listen to her, and prescribed this and that and generally upset things.

But for all his efforts you continued to thrive and cry and cry and thrive in spite of him.

Until at last it was time for him to go back to Darwin, and so he put you and your mother on the train, and I'm sure, Teddie, that for all her loyalty to him and although she hated having to part, it must have been a wonderful relief.

She probably thought, "And now at last I can rear my baby in my

THIS letter is beautiful, because it is universal. It is a letter that has been lived by hundreds of young husbands and wives.

It was written by a warrant-officer in Darwin to his four-months-old daughter, Edwina Lorraine.

When we received this letter for our "Letters From Our Boys" page, we decided to print it in full, and wired the young mother asking her for these photographs.



EDWINA'S young parents.

way, without any blustering, foolish man about the place."

But she wasn't entirely out of the woods, because your father didn't go away when expected, and so he came up to see you both for a last look.

I'm sure your mother must have received the word of his coming with some misgiving, and thought to herself, "Well, here it starts all over again."

But she was quite wrong, for this blustering, foolish man had done some thinking and had grown wiser during those few days after you had gone.

He knew that it was her job, and it wasn't right for him to interfere, particularly as his wife had already shown him how capable she was.

He was only able to spend a few short days with you, but my word what precious days they were. And when at last he had to go, I wonder if your mother realised how terribly hard it was.

But it was made a little easier when he realised that you had made an added reason why he should go and do what he thought was the right thing to do.

And now he is waiting and praying for the time when he will be with you two again.

He will come to you secure in the knowledge that your mother will know what is best for you.

His job will not be to prescribe medicine or warm water, or more or less food, but to work and ensure that you both will suffer no hardships or discomfort and unhappiness, that you will only know security and happiness.

Goodnight my little sweetheart
Your loving father x x x x x
x x

Let's talk off INTERESTING PEOPLE



PRINCE BERNHARD

Won his wings

PRINCE BERNHARD of Netherlands, husband of Princess Juliana, heir to the Dutch Throne, is an honorary member of the Royal Air Force. He is training to fly Spitfires and Hurricanes and has already won his wings in the R.A.F.

Queen Wilhelmina has come to regard Prince Bernhard as one of her chief advisers. Consults her on all matters.



MRS. L. R. MILLIGAN

Economics

WELL-KNOWN American economist, Mrs. Lucy R. Milligan, president of U.S.A. National Council of Women, has been appointed director of the recently-established women's division, National Association of Manufacturers of U.S.

"It is my task to interpret American women the aims of the economic system and to put women's interests and attitudes of the producers," she says.



MR. D. McVEY

War post

APPOINTED Director of Industry Organisation, production executive Mr. D. McVey is also Director-General of Posts and Telegraphs. In capacity he is responsible for maintaining communications in Australia. To meet any war emergency which would operate should not services be interrupted.

He controls 50,000 postal employees, 10,000 telephone changes, 170,000 miles of post Morse code lines.

Warm Weather Is Here KEEP FEET IN GOOD TRIM By Using Zam-Buk

WARMER weather is trying for the feet. It makes feet swell and become unbearably tender; it aggravates corns and makes a toil of your daily work.

So put your feet in real good trim with Zam-Buk. First, bathe your feet in warm water at bedtime. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed; and ankles, joints, toes and feet are made comfortable again. There's nothing like Zam-Buk for the feet.

1/7 or 3/8 a box.

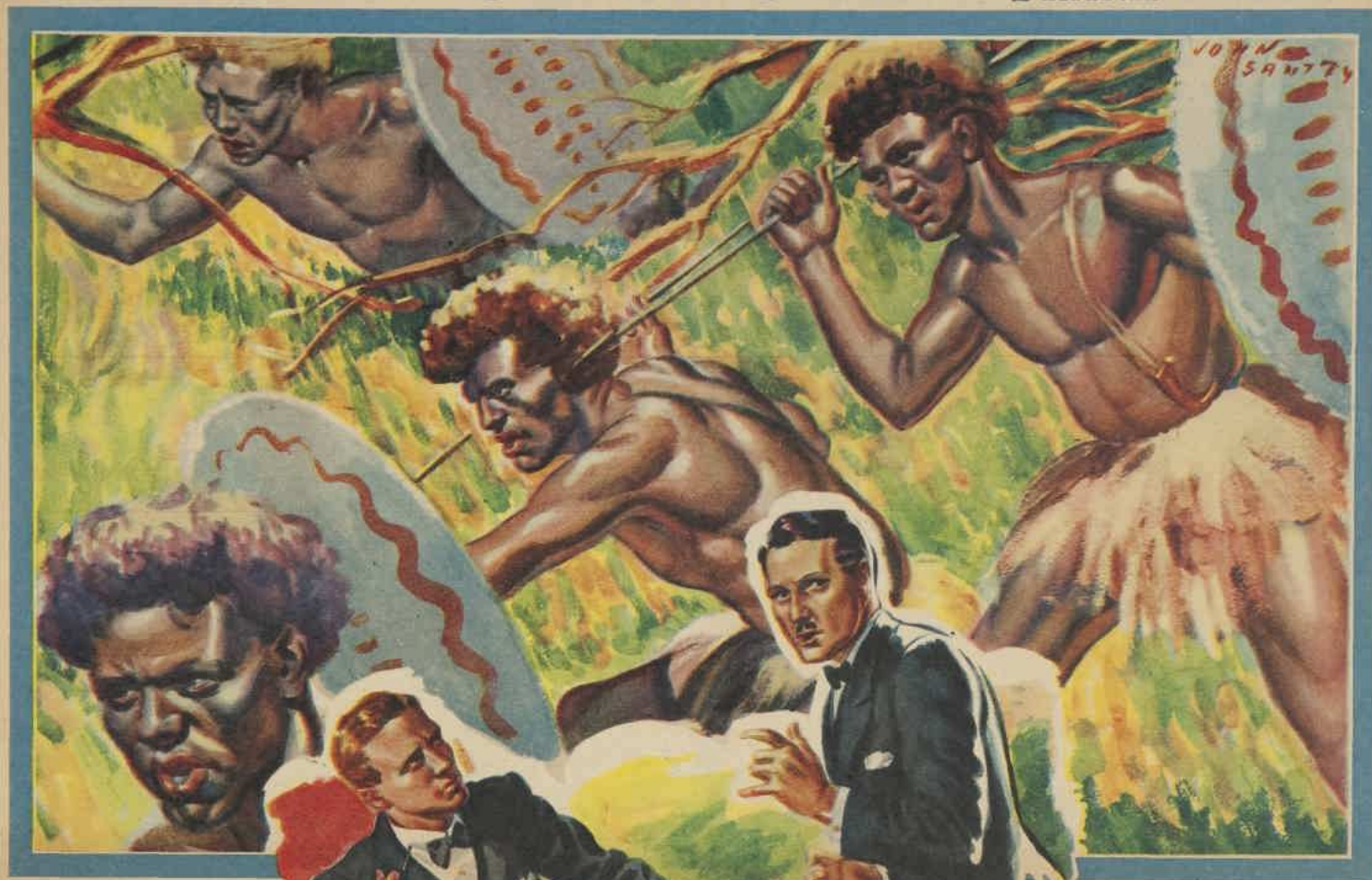
Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



"The pain and inflammation of my feet were almost past bearing. I dreaded walking or standing. Using Zam-Buk night and morning was wonderfully soothing and healing. I can now keep going on my feet all day."—Mrs. A. Lerke.

JUNGLE OUTPOST

Dramatic short story by
FRANK H. SHAW



YOU'D better go," Sonia Pleydell's mother told her. "Leon Comstock's to be there at Helmwoods."

"Who's he?" Sonia asked, disinterestedly.

"Of all the aggravating girls! The Comstock — famous engineer. He works miracles."

"Are you hoping he'll work another?" Sonia asked half-indolently. Her mother was ambitious for her, but actually the girl was sick of being paraded. Introduced to an eligible man, she seemed to form an instinctive hatred for him.

But she went to Helmwoods. It was that or endure her mother's sorrowful gaze and mild hysteria.

After dinner the first night Comstock got well into his stride. He certainly looked like a character out of a costume play. He was handsome, he was dashing, and there hung about him an atmosphere of colorful romance. He had done big things; everyone knew it.

Just what things Sonia didn't know—didn't care particularly. He had made a lot of money, certainly, but the sentimental bit of her brain was more interested in Donovan Laidlaw than in Leon Comstock.

"Be yourself!" she adjured her reflection, as she powdered her nose. "No 'lame dogs over stiles' for you, my dear idiot!"

Laidlaw was so unspectacular, self-effacing; or was it just the comparison with the spectacular Comstock?

"Anyway, you always do back the wrong horse," she said to that richly attractive reflection.

Laidlaw had shown he liked her. So had Comstock.

Comstock, she felt, would make of her a figurehead; a yes-woman to his magnificence. Even so, he'd give her gold plate to dine off most of the year!

Yet—stoneware, with Don Laidlaw, might be preferable. She wasn't sure either way. How many girls are at a first meeting? If Comstock won out, her mother's hysteria might subside into perpetual calm. If Sonia contented herself with Don, Mrs. Pleydell might become a chronic invalid.

Sonia began to wonder hard. She came down into the great lounge after the long-drawn dinner in time

to hear Comstock talking. Someone had asked him a question.

"I call it Jungle Outpost," Comstock said. He didn't talk bombastically so much as with a certitude of his own competence. His voice was resonant. You'd picture him leading—or driving—men to the gaping jaws of triumph or disaster.

"That was the toughest job I ever tackled," he said. "You can bet it was tough when I remember even the little details—after this lapse of time. Malaria and snakes—ah! Yes, the snakes were bad, but even they were better than the malaria and some of the natives."

"Why Jungle Outpost?" asked Mrs. Savory, flirtatious and fluttering, a worshipper of big he-men. She was pretty, too; like slightly faded Dresden china. She already hated Sonia.

"That's the most appropriate name I can think of to describe it. In Sakaraland, right in the deep black

heart of Africa. It's a spot that our civilisation, even as we know it, has overlooked."

"Just as well, perhaps," put in Laidlaw. "Considering what civilisation is doing for the rest of the world!"

"This spot was the genuine Back o' Beyond," said Comstock, waving aside the interruption. "Why they sent me to build the bridge across the Syentia Gorge I hardly know."

But he did know. So did Mrs. Savory, worshipping the godlike being with round eyes and pouted lips.

"Half a dozen men — stout chaps — had failed to make a go of it," Comstock said. "It wasn't just the natural obstacles, though they were pretty fierce, too, if you let them get you down. The natives were

treacherous. Even the friendlies couldn't be trusted. There was a local Cetewayo—Dictator sort of—who objected to the whole idea of the bridge, and showed his dislike in the way usual among dictators and would-be's."

"Every now and then I'd find a native foreman dead — with a poisoned arrow in his throat."

As he went on his listeners could see the Outpost take concrete shape in their minds. It was a place of miasma and morass, of overwhelming jungle, with a torrential, evil river snarling through the opulent herbage. They could hear the stealthy approach of murderous-minded blacks, spears poised, balanced on their toes for the throw.

Laidlaw pulled his pipe from his pocket and polished the bowl affectionately. He seemed more interested in it than in the glowing drama being reconstructed in Com-

So vividly did Comstock talk, his listeners in fancy could hear the stealthy approach of the natives.

stock's picturesque words. Mrs. Savory lifted her eyebrows accusingly at him. He flushed and put the pipe away. Then he stuck his hands deep down into his pockets and stretched and—yawned.

"It would do some of you a power of good to face Nature in the raw," said Comstock wistfully.

"Why do people think discomfort an essential to greatness?" asked Laidlaw, with the strained suggestion of another yawn.

"It's the fire in which honest steel is tempered," retorted Comstock. "Loafing, soft-lying, easy dalliance—those aren't the things that got us where we are to-day. The country's fibre needs toughening; mentally, spiritually, and physically."

Sonia was reminded of physical culture advertisements and didn't know why—unless it were the storyteller's pose. Laidlaw didn't answer; he took out a cigarette after offering his case to Sonia, who was close by. A more thoroughly bored young man she had seldom seen. More than likely, she reflected, it was his way of concealing bitter envy.

"As I was saying," Comstock trumpeted, "the wastage in man-power was high. Supplies, too—they had to be brought up by carrier from a station down near the coast. It wasn't often that as many as started out came back. Every trifle of material for the bridge had to be manhandled, because the river wasn't navigable even for a dugout."

"But everything faded into insignificance," said Comstock, "against the labor of building that bridge; trying to build it, let's say. There were engineering problems you'd hardly credit. Even to span the gorge was a seeming impossibility. It struck me that the best way to get the first rope across was to fire a rocket over, like coastguards rescuing a wrecked crew. If you get me, but we hadn't any rockets."

"We started with plenty, only the carrier with that pack was pulled down by a crocodile when we crossed a swamp. It as nearly got me as makes no difference, but I shot just in time."

Please turn to page 10

LANDFALL

Our brilliant
serial by....

NEVIL SHUTE

JERRY! Mona cried. "What-ever are you doing here?" Behind her, her friend, Miriam, watched entranced. He said: "I came for half a can."

"But what are you doing down here?"

He looked into her eyes, laughing. "Buying half a can."

"Oh, you and your half-can!" She served it to him. "Are you just back on a holiday?"

He raised it to her. "All the best." He set it down again. "How've you been?"

"I'm fine. How are you, Jerry?" He said: "I got rid of my ring-worm, but my gout's troubling me a good deal. I don't think I've got very long to live."

She said: "You look like it. Tell me, are you back at Emsworth?"

"I'm at Titchfield now."

"How long have you been there?"

"Three and a half hours. Nearly three and three-quarters now."

She said happily: "And you come right along."

He nodded. "That's right. I couldn't miss my beer."

There was an interruption, and she left him to serve other customers. When she came back to him he said:

"Doing anything afterwards?"

She smiled. "Nothing special."

He set down his can. "I don't want to go dancing at the Pavilion," he said quietly. "Not just yet. And it's too late for a flick. Would you like to go and eat something at the Cozy Cot?"

"I'd like that ever so."

"Five past ten, round by the back door?"

"That's right."

He grinned at her. "I'll be there."

He moved away, beer-mug in hand. Mona went on with her work, humming a little song about rolling down the cotton on the levee down south, which she did not fully understand, but which seemed to express what

she was feeling. Miriam came up and smiled at her.

"Got the boy friend back again?" she said. "You might have told me."

Mona said: "I didn't know he was coming. He went away to Yorkshire."

"You don't say. I thought he just went off, like."

Mona shook her head. "He got shifted away."

"What's he doing here now?"

"He got shifted back again."

"My! Going out with him?"

The girl nodded.

Miriam sighed a little. Some girls got all the luck. She herself had been sedulously to the Pavilion, year after year, but she had never

"got off" with an officer like that. All she got were awkward sailors

who danced badly and smelt of beer.

She said: "You be careful. He's got a naughty look about him."

Mona laughed. "You're telling me!"

The other sighed. "I'd leave home for him, any day," she said.

Chambers stood in the darkness of the alley, waiting. It was a fine, bright moonlit night, frosty and with a keen wind. In the shadows of the alley the darkness was intense. He held the rabbit-lamp in his hand. When he heard

Mona at the gate that led into the yard of the hotel he flashed the rabbit suddenly at her, and said:

"Boo!"

She jumped back with a little squeal. He caught her in his arms, and kissed her in the darkness of the alley. She said breathlessly:

"You and your rabbit! I didn't know what it was."

He held her to him and said:

"Me."

"I know that." She wriggled in his arms. "Give over now. You'll get me all mussed up."

"That's the object of the exercise. Are you glad to see me?"

She stopped wriggling and said quietly: "Ever so glad, Jerry."

He released her. "Let's go and get something to eat."

They walked across to the little car parked by the roadside. "You've got the same car still," she said.

"That's right. Look out how you sit down. The bottom's coming out of that seat."

They drove out to the Cozy Cot, sitting more closely together even than was warranted by the cramped nature of the car. The road-house was only moderately full, they got a table in a corner and ordered ham and eggs and beer.

She said: "How long will you be here, Jerry?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I

don't really know. Some time, I should think."

"Is it flying out over the sea, like you did at Emsworth?"

He hesitated. "It's not much like that. It's a sort of an experimental job."

"One of them you're not supposed to talk about?"

"That's it."

"I see." There was nothing new to her in that. When her father had been working in the dockyard towards the end of his career in the navy, there had been a period of four whole years when they had not known what work he did when he went off each day. Those four years in his life were still a sealed book to his wife and family.

He said: "Been dancing much?"

She smiled at him implishly. "Went to the Pavilion two or three times, but I never got another officer."

"One's enough."

"That's right," she said. "Once bit twice shy." They both laughed.

"No, I've not been there much."

"Still liking it in the bar?"

She shook her head. "It's all right, but I'd like to have a change. With the summer, and the long evenings, and all."

He nodded. "What would you want to do?"

"I thought it might be nicer in a shop." She looked at him doubtfully, wondering how he would react to that; he might regard it as a step down in the social scale.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I

THE STORY SO FAR:

FLYING - OFFICER JERRY CHAMBERS, young and very interested in

MONA STEVENS, pretty waitress at the Royal Clarence Hotel, is elated at sinking a submarine, but it turns out to have been British. A naval Court of Inquiry at which

CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the Navy, assists in presiding, finds Jerry guilty of negligence in not identifying the submarine properly, though admits Caranz, the submarine, was to blame for being out of position. Jerry transfers to the Bomber Command, but later, volunteering for special service with a Marine Experimental Unit, is posted back near his previous station.

In the hotel that night, R.N.V.R. officers show Mona a newspaper cutting giving a Dutch captain's account of the sinking of a submarine, apparently Caranz.

This is suddenly driven from her mind by the unexpected appearance of Jerry.

Now read on:



Mona jumped back with a little squeal as Jerry flashed the lamp at her.

Stenog. who can afford Film Stars' Stockings



Doris Peck keeps herself attractive on a stenog's salary—but she wears the same stockings as a Hollywood glamour star. Doris pours her stockings out of a bottle—the Glaide Liquid Hosiery bottle! Doris says, "My Glaide stockings are a great idea—much smarter than real silk even, and what a difference in price!" You can get a bottle of Glaide at any chemist, beauty salon or department store. Pour yourself a pair of glamour stockings with a bottle of Glaide Liquid Hosiery!

"What sort of a shop?"

She said: "I'd like to sell per-

fumes, ever so."

He nodded. "Not bacon, or split-

peas?"

"Don't be so silly. I don't mean a shop like that."

He said: "I was joking—sorry. Tell me, why perfumes?"

"I don't know, Jerry. Only, that's what I'd like to do." He nodded with understanding. She leaned forward to him. "Things like silks, and evening gowns, and perfumes, and face powder. It'd be lovely to be handling them sort of things all day." She considered for a moment. "Of course, it's all right in the bar."

He smiled. "But you're getting restless."

"That's right."

He said: "It's the war. Nobody really settles down to any job."

Behind them the radio-gramophone was playing dance tunes, softly and continuously.

She said quietly: "War is a fine time for men. I mean all them chaps that get called up. They get fun, and games, and work outside in the sun instead of working a machine all day in the factory." She looked up into his face. "I walked along the front to-day, and there was dozens of them in the Fort, sitting about and smoking in a patch of sun, out of the wind. They seemed so happy. I was ever so glad for them."

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Absorbing short story

Eastern Guile

From a simple start the new superintendent found himself tackling a strange and disquieting mystery.

IN the exhausting heat of the city police-thana at Lalpuri, Tempest had been listening with truly exemplary patience to the clamor of conflicting native tongues.

It was his duty as district superintendent to reach the root of the rioting which had been in full-blooded swing here a few hours earlier, he happening to be so conveniently on the spot. And, to all appearances, that root was exposed.

Before him stood Hurry Dass Bahadur, a wealthy landowner, and the highly-respected head of the Lalpuri City municipality, with disordered native clothes showing how he had been attacked.

The attacker, a lean and youngish Sikh, Rao Singh, had the hungry and snarling air of a pariah at bay. He had indeed even now to be restrained from attempts to reach the Bengali, three hefty policemen being needed to keep him in a tight hold.

Of all times Rao Singh had chosen to make his assault on the richest and most important citizen in Lalpuri during a Hindu sacred festival, with a strong Moslem element only awaiting an excuse to make a good day of it.

There had been a pretty to-do when the police, composed of both races, joined in with practical purpose, and it was to this truly colorful reception that Tempest, paying a special unheralded visit to Lalpuri, arrived.

Before him now, in the police-thana, pariah dog and wealthy landowner appeared as origin of all the tumult. But so far he had made little of the reason behind it all.

By LESLIE BERESFORD

Naturally, as the aggrieved party and an important citizen, Hurry Dass Bahadur had secured by far most of Tempest's hearing. His sheeplike bleat, painfully protesting, had poured forth like a flood in accusing complaint.

At intervals he had been interrupted by the stubborn snarl of the Sikh, cynically arguing, scoffing excuses and demanding redress.

"Am I to starve, with my young wife and all my family, at the will of this old money-bags, this serpent, this thief of a Bengali?" he now shouted suddenly, livid with fury.

Tempest had been mentally noting the Sikh's squared shoulders, proud poise of turbaned head and athletic shape beneath drab peasant clothing. He had, as one could see, made mincemeat of the Bengali's over-fed flesh, and somehow Tempest could not conquer a feeling of amusement at this. He was curious to know what lay behind it all, and demanded of the Sikh:

"How comes it then that you and yours have cause to starve?"

Of course it was no new story the Sikh told. It was that of the millions of poor in India—the millstone of the moneylender's debt.

Rao Singh, it transpired, had left the army on his father's death to take over the latter's small estate nearby. He had found this heavily mortgaged to Hurry Dass, who was proving merciless and had started to foreclose.

If Rao Singh was to be believed also, the reason for this was mainly one of personal spite. One gathered from his story that Hurry Dass coveted his young wife, and so was seeking to ruin him.

Tempest, listening patiently, if

disbelievingly, cut short the tirade eventually.

"Listen now to me, Rao Singh," he ordered. "None of this is my affair, which is to see that the public peace is kept. Not only have you caused grievous bodily harm to this zemindar, who also is a Bahadur and honored by the Raj, but through this you have created great turmoil in Lalpuri City. For this you must certainly be punished."

"If it please the Presence, I could say more about this same Bahadur —" Rao Singh was once again flinging his truculent voice into the heat-breathless room when Tempest silenced him sharply.

"Enough!" he commanded. "You have been in the army, you say?"

"I was sower in the Punjab Cavalry, lord," the other answered proudly. "I have papers to prove from the colonel sahib there that I served the Raj well."

"Then you are the more to blame, Rao Singh, that you serve the Raj so badly now by making this trouble!" Tempest stayed him. "As a soldier you should know that the peace must be kept."

"If indeed you have a right grievance against this Bahadur sahib, it is for you to seek justice in the proper way, which is not by the striking of blows. It is to the court you should go, laying your case before the magistrate and, if you have proof enough against the Bahadur, justice will surely be done!"

Tempest admittedly read the little curtain-lecture with his tongue in his cheek. He knew well enough that this advice was of small practical value to a man in Rao Singh's humble position, probably unable to afford litigation and likely enough

without the slightest grounds for redress. Hurry Dass, like most of his moneyed class, owed much of his wealth to just such mortgages as that of which the Sikh complained. Tempest guessed the law would not be very helpful to the latter in that case.

As for his suggestion of persecution for baser motives, the titled position of the Bengali, and his unquestionable public reputation, made this hardly the sort of accusation likely to cut ice with any magistrate, let alone be easy to prove.

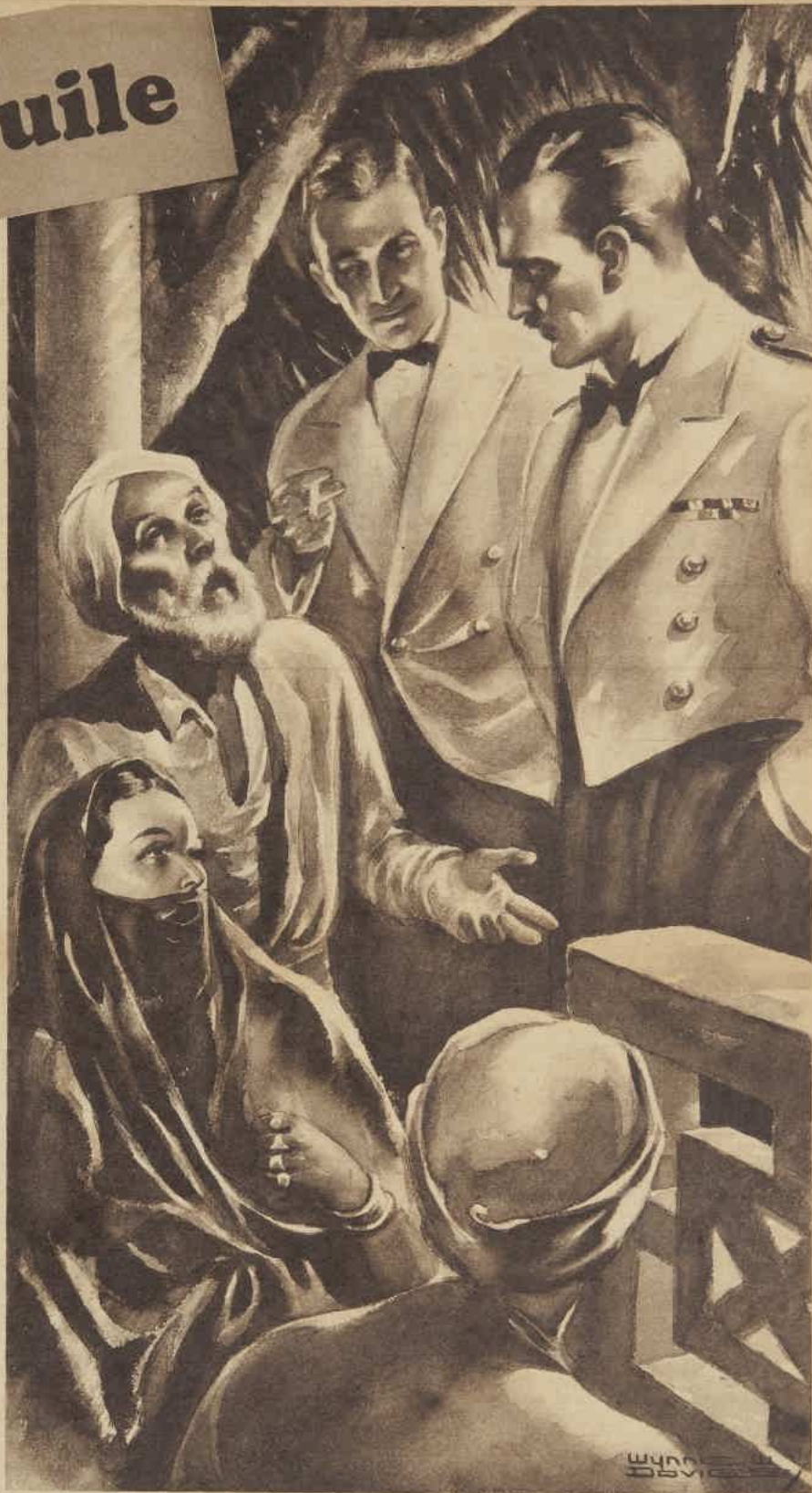
The man was merely kicking against the pricks by suggesting it. Hurry Dass himself, in fact, scoffed at the very idea in an aside with Tempest, while Rao Singh was being dragged to a cell by a strong escort—which indeed was needed, for there was muscle in his lean frame.

"Have I not wives of my own, Superintendent Sahib?" the Bengali smiled sardonically.

Tempest politely reassured him that the matter was not worth discussion. It was some time before he could shake off the obsequious friendliness and pressure of hospitality showered on him by Hurry Dass, obviously anxious that the district superintendent's unexpected arrival should not pass without fitting celebration.

"It is only the second occasion I have been privileged to meet you, sahib," he reminded, and urged: "At least you will surely pay a short visit to my poor house where, on this night of festival, I shall be entertaining some of my many friends?"

Tempest, with other ideas in his



"Will not the Presence help me before it is too late?" the girl shyly entreated Temple.

mind, explained that, much as he appreciated the invitation, this particular evening was impossible. Another time, perhaps.

He seized the first excuse to pass out from the stifling heat of the police-thana into the cool evening air of the festival-gay city, as he was anxious to pursue the real purpose behind his unheralded visit to Lalpuri.

With him, obviously much surprised by that visit, was his local chief-inspector, Da Cruz. A plump and middle-aged man of Portuguese and Indian blood, he had been here for some years.

He had reported to Tempest, when the latter took over the district not many months before, as an excellent man, with such good influence as to have been specially retained here.

Curiously, in Tempest's personal experience so far, some influence had certainly been at work in Lalpuri, and not for its good. Nor yet on the side of law and order, which Da Cruz and his police represented. It was of this Tempest now wanted

no time in reminding the other in his quiet, dry way.

"Having disposed of that little private squabble for the moment, supposing we get down to the real cause of the trouble," he suggested. "You and I know, Da Cruz, that today's upheaval can't all be blamed on that poor, foolish Rao Singh, though he'll certainly do time for it."

"And deservedly, sir!" The inspector smiled self-confidently. "By running amuck like that, anyhow, he was the cause producing the effect, if I may put it that way."

"It would be an exaggeration, Da Cruz. Your effect was several sizes too big for your cause, to my way of thinking. Rao Singh was no more than a timely excuse, I'm sure. The fact, as you know well, is that public temper in Lalpuri has been at fever-heat for some little time now. We've had here an epidemic of riotings on the least provocation, and a

murder or two thrown in, without our having as yet discovered the people behind it all. Isn't that so?"

"With apologies, sir, if you please," the other retorted in his mincing English. "There can be no doubt it is the work of political agitators secretly stirring up strife on account of the European war and recent provincial government resignations of Congress members."

"Just political dope, eh?"

Standing beside his waiting car, Tempest appeared to be gazing reflectively at the animated crowds of natives pushing their way into the nearby cinemas, or moving about in parties enjoying themselves in festival mood. Actually, in the little mirror catching rear traffic from his driver's seat, he was watching the reflection of his inspector's avarthy face.

Please turn to page 8.

The cheat

To impersonate her double was Gillian's intriguing new job.

YOU look outrageously like me," said Pamela Murdock in the tone she kept for servants and the lower orders in general. "All you have to do is behave in the same way."

"Outrageously?" suggested Gillian. The situation demanded a sane disrespect. Her reply did not offend the assured Miss Murdock, whose beautifully painted mouth even relaxed into something like a smile as she continued.

"It's quite easy. Before they went away, mother and father promised I'd inter myself in that country graveyard. The permanent abode of old friends. You simply go and do the visiting for me. It's better than being a slave to Madame LePils, and it will save me from a violent death of boredom."

Gillian thought with some amusement that if Murdock were actually exposed to Mme. LePils, death would not be violent; only a long wasting.

The toll Madame exacted from her employees was heavy, especially from Gillian, whose reserve irked her. To-day she had doubled the girl's overcrowded secretarial hours by ordering her to model for a customer she had the effrontery to resemble. All that hot afternoon, Gillian

uncomplainingly changed from autumn tweed to advance winter velvet, and from one fur-smothered coat to another, only to see the customer, Pamela Murdock, walk away with a shrug.

Gillian was too spent to care when Madame, thwarted in a coveted sale, discharged her again, or to be decently amazed when the troublesome Miss Murdock, summoning her to Carvello's extravagant lounge, sought her services as a substitute visitor.

Momentarily revived by the breath of a fountain, and the fragrance of two rose trees, she stirred a claret lemonade, and puzzled a little over her likeness to the elegant young woman draining a Martini on the opposite side of the table.

The resemblance was one of rare color and fine design. Hair of amber, eyes of sapphire, treasured the light with equal fidelity, but pride quickened one face and arrogance another. And the impatience of accent and petulance of mouth were exclusively Murdock. Frowning in an attempt to concentrate, Gillian decided that she would prefer a different hat.

"Well?" The peremptory monosyllable recalled Gillian's attention. She reiterated that it was absurd, and she intended to leave, but Pamela Murdock willed otherwise. She described an adventure, a holiday and an escape with a relentless determination which gradually hypnotised Gillian. The Ainslees, who were to be her hosts, had not seen her since childhood, and, save for old acquaintance, had no interest in her. They owned a stupid place on a jaded river, and acres of insipid fresh air, she said.

"I don't know anyone down there,

and I'll amuse myself obscurely enough here. You said you had no family entanglements," she continued.

An insidious spell slowly stole over Gillian, so that she finally heard her own voice defying the authority of reason.

A fortnight later, Gillian awakened to the consequences. Outwardly composed in a lovely blue-figured evening frock, inwardly quivering with dismay, she was at a strange dinner table, transformed without volition into an amateur adventuress.

The Ainslees received her unquestioningly. The small, brisk Susan Ainslee, remarking that Pamela had not been an agreeable child, commended the virtues of time. Horace Ainslee, seated at her left, had crushed her hands in his huge ones and placidly informed her that his wife was a shrew. Inclining towards her with a warmth already conspicuous was Basil Grandison, vague Ainslee kin and indeterminate luminary of the film world.

Distractedly she looked round the room, seeking an impossible escape, and encountered the disturbing scrutiny of a long, brown young man standing on the threshold. His name, she learned when the others discovered him, was Jasper Cleave.

"Has a house somewhere," explained Horace Ainslee, gesturing towards infinity, "but he prefers our diggings."

"One notices that," agreed Basil without enthusiasm. "What do you keep the place for, anyway, Cleave?"

"False pretences," said Cleave instantly. "I enjoy them, don't you, Miss Murdock?"

Neither the stress he gave her assumed name nor the implication of his words was especially soothing to the girl, but she contrived a kind response. She said she was intensely fond of perjury.

"I find it so refreshing on a hot day."

"There's nothing like it." Seating himself with easy familiarity he chose a peach from the bowl gleaming in the table's centre. Mrs. Ainslee remonstrated ineffectually.

"Those are decorations, Jasper. You are on the verge of illegal entry." She watched him a moment before continuing, with a speculative glance at Gillian. "Probably we would all be more comfortable if we discarded our heavier ethics for the summer. I would have betrayed Horace before this, but mine are the features of an honest woman."

Her husband complacently remarked that his weren't. "I'm a plausible rogue. First thing that won me to myself. And Basil, of course, makes a practice of behaving like what he isn't."

"Considerate of Basil," murmured Cleave, rejecting an apricot after some reflection. Basil pointedly remarked that at least his life was an open book, then returned his atten-

"What are you calling yourself this time?" Cleave inquired sociably.

tion to Gillian. He was, he promised her, going to call her Pamela, beginning at once.

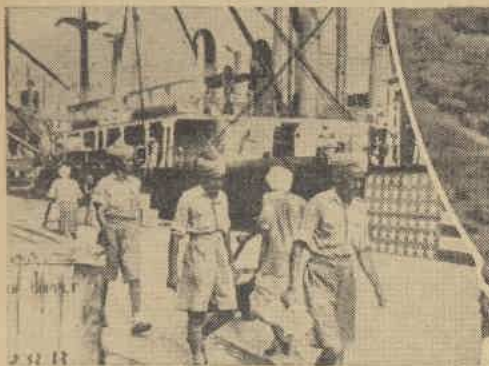
"Do," she urged hollowly. "It's the name I'm using now." If only her smile wouldn't slip and reveal the shocking state of her mind. She tried to apply cold reason to fevered fancy. After all . . . this conversation could only be a nasty coincidence.

"I'm wondering"—Jasper Cleave squinted admiringly at a purpling cluster of grapes—"why you don't disclose the nature of our previous acquaintance."

Please turn to page 28



In Singapore with the front-line civilians



INDIAN SOLDIERS on the Singapore docks while an American ship unloads lend-lease materials.



R.A.F. PLANE on patrol over Singapore, the city "waiting to take it."

Tense, undismayed, women work with inspiring courage

Cabled from Singapore by SHEILA WIGMORE
Australian journalist who arrived there soon after Japan launched her Pacific blitz.

Just a handful of days ago I left Australia. To-day I am in Singapore, which has in that brief interval become the front line of the Pacific war. I find myself suddenly a civilian soldier under martial law.

Tense but undismayed the women of Singapore are waiting... I feel this sense of waiting hanging over the whole island... before you read this, I am thinking, the time of waiting may be past.

NATURALLY my thoughts fly home now because I know that in Sydney, in Melbourne, in Darwin, all over Australia, in fact, you share this sense of waiting, this tension, this fever of preparation for an assault that may change our history.

Around me there are women who are an inspiration of calm courage and cheerful resolution. I know their equals are calmly working now everywhere in Australia.

We have among us the women of Penang, that lost British base where civilians, mothers and babies among them, faced the onslaught of Japanese aggression. They have lost everything and come to us as refugees.

They are wonderful. They arrived here just before Christmas. I know I will always remember.

as one of the finest things I have seen in my life, these women of Penang, homeless, many with nothing but the clothes they were wearing, yet having the spirit to prepare some sort of impromptu Christmas for their children.

I met them first at the Anzac Club, where I have been working since I went to visit it on my arrival in Singapore.

A busload of Penang evacuees came straight from the train to the club.

Though club workers had not been notified they served the new arrivals with breakfast, found them accommodation in their own homes or with friends, and provided clothing for many who were without luggage.

One woman from Penang with a young baby had no clothing or equipment with her for herself or the child.

Penang women to whom I have spoken say they sheltered in deep drains near their houses, crouching knee-deep in filth and staying there for two or three hours at a time while raids were in progress, and doing what they could to pacify the children with them.

Lost everything

THEY have lost everything, houses, property, much fine furniture and antiques collected over many years, and their cars.

During the raids cars were offered for sale at five dollars apiece.

These women are not demoralised or dismayed by their losses, and take them with incredible courage and cheerfulness.

They are appalled by the apparent lack of any air protection during those terrible days and the total absence of opposition to Japanese aircraft.

The Japanese, they say, "had the air to themselves," and came low over the city dropping bombs and machine-gunning civilians.

Women who gave what help they could for days in Penang casualty clearing stations are now prepared to take up the same work if necessary in Singapore.

Some have already enrolled as V.A.D.'s in hospitals here, others are coming to the Anzac Club with their hostesses, who have given them homes.

Here they serve meals and work in the kitchens.

Australian women here are doing a fine job running the club, where men of all services are now admitted.

The club is crowded with soldiers and airmen down from fighting in Rhota Bharu and Kedah.



CHINESE STUDENTS of the Raffles Institute training in the nearby park in Singapore to help in the defence of the city.

There is a shortage of workers due to calls of other war work and to many women with children leaving for Australia.

This was the most incredible Christmas of my life. Christmas Eve comes back to me as a fantastic jumble of Christmas shopping in sandbagged shops, of women in uniform carrying tin hats and tinsel-wrapped presents, of Christmas trees and newly-completed air-raid shelters.

The club served a traditional Christmas dinner, and had a large Christmas tree for decoration, but other planned festivities were abandoned.

Protection of workers is provided by a sandbagged shelter close to the club, but so far the only raid alerts have been at night when the club is closed.

We have watched the progress of our shelter being built with considerable interest in pauses between frying eggs and bacon and serving cold meat and salad.

Mrs. Howell, wife of the Attorney-General and president of the house committee of the club, is busy preparing a roster of emergency workers for service at the canteen on the railway station.

Mrs. Howell, who is an Australian by birth, has done marvellous work here with the technical section of the Medical Auxiliary Service.

Mrs. Wootton, wife of the commercial secretary to Mr. Bowden, Australian representative in Singapore, is another at the club every day.

Breakfast for 400

ONE of the hardest workers is Mrs. Jacques, whose home was Matang estate, six miles from Taiping.

She was running a canteen in a requisitioned Government bungalow in Taiping for troops going up to and coming from posts farther north.

The canteen was called on to provide breakfast for four hundred men at an hour's notice.

She and her assistants cleared their own houses of food, and had eggs, chipped potatoes and tea waiting for troops when they arrived.

Afterwards the men kept turning up at the canteen for food, coming in all sorts of vehicles, lorries, and cars, or on foot.

One rode on a push bike. Some had swum rivers to get there.

She was working at the canteen till notices came for the women to evacuate the town in a few hours.

All they were able to save of their household possessions was one suitcase each of clothing, and, like so many others, she just had to walk out of her house and leave everything.

Now she works... and waits... with us.

MODERN building, typical of Singapore houses the Department of Information



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SHEILA WIGMORE, who cabled this story from Singapore. —May Moore photo.

Front-line poems from our Diggers in color, pages 20-21.



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THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO



**I'D SOON CURE
THAT, IF HE
WERE MY CHILD!**



MOTHER-IN-LAW: "Look at him! Always hanging around the house! He's turning into a real 'mother's boy'!"
JOAN: "Freddie's alright. Trouble is he isn't as strong as he should be. Hardly touches his food at all nowadays."



MOTHER-IN-LAW: "Ach! You give in to him too much!"
JOAN: "You don't understand! He's so highly strung and nervous. I'd better take him along to see Dr. Jordan."



DOCTOR: "Mrs. Thompson, Freddie's troubles are really due to his sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heart beats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run-down. It's Night Starvation, so give him Horlicks."



JOAN: "Look at Freddie now! You can't call him a sissy!"
MOTHER-IN-LAW: "Joan, you were right! He's a different boy altogether these days! I'd never have believed it!"

HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

Eastern Guile

Continued from page 5

"No doubt at all about that, sir," Da Cruz assured. "Also I have been doing everything possible to discover their identities. Most kindly ask Hurry Dass Bahadur, who has been most kind and extremely helpful. Hurry Dass Bahadur, with so many friends in the fire, so many sources of information, sir—he will doubtless inform you of our insurmountable difficulties, should you so wish—"

"No need to trouble Hurry Dass, Inspector!" Tempest thrust in dryly. "I haven't been so long in the police without knowing what the force can be up against—on occasions. But I also don't admit that any difficulties are insurmountable, if they are handled properly, and as I propose to handle them now I'm here."

"Incidentally," he went on, "I arrived last night, and am staying with Mr. Morgan at the jute mills. He's been experiencing quite a deal of trouble in those mills during the last few weeks, he tells me."

"Quite small troubles, sir. Also, I am sure, Mr. Morgan has told you that he received the fullest and most prompt assistance of the police?"

"What he did tell me, Inspector, was that he doesn't put those troubles down to just political dope, though there may be some of that around too. He argues on exactly the same lines as I do on the matter."

"Which lines, sir?" the other asked, his tone of voice suddenly sharp with anxiety.

"That those politician fellows usually only agitate. They've rarely got the nerve for murder, Da Cruz. No, Mr. Morgan feels, as I do, that it isn't only political agitation stuff. That may be the excuse under which others work."

"Others, sir?" Da Cruz questioned sharply.

"A real criminal gang, Inspector, with probably—we think, almost certainly—one ruling big brain behind them, cleverly masked, working with secrecy and an amazing smartness. Especially in one respect, Da Cruz. Dope. Not political, but purely chemical, if one may use the

expression. Mr. Morgan says he has proofs that the traffic in drugs around here is alarming. Know anything about that Da Cruz?"

Again Tempest consulted the little rear-traffic mirror on his car. He had a reflection of the furtive apprehension flitting momentarily over his Inspector's face. He saw, too, how he controlled himself before saying: "If Mr. Morgan is so sure of that, sir, perhaps also he can prove from where the drugs came?"

"He just wishes he could. The people he tackled were too afraid to talk. That always has been one of the police difficulties you spoke about, Inspector. But surely you can't, in your position, be so completely ignorant of what is going on?"

"Sir, in every part of India there is always a certain amount of drug-traffic. As your honor knows—"

"My honor knows this!" Tempest stopped him tersely. "I'm comparatively new to this district, and it's the first time I've been superintendent anyhow. That doesn't mean, Da Cruz, I don't know my job, which is to see that Lalpuri is cleaned up of dope and trouble. As you don't seem able to do that yourself—"

Here he was in turn stopped by a sudden outbreak of excited shouting and much violent movement just in front of the police-thana. Swinging round, he saw a crowd of agitated natives swept this way and that by a rush of uniformed constables.

These were clearly in hot chase of a solitary fleet-footed figure racing like the wind across the little market-place, then suddenly vanishing in the dense throng beyond, where it was dark.

Back in the police-thana, a corpulent native sub-inspector explained in panic-stricken horror. While his men had been dealing with two bhanga-intoxicated revellers brought in for brawling, one of the other prisoners had cleverly seized the opportunity to escape.

When Tempest learnt the culprit to be that firebrand ex-soldier, Rao Singh, he merely registered inward disappointment that so stout a fellow should have been fool enough to pile up punishment for himself on this second count. Mostly the incident added point to the hint he had just been giving his Inspector. He emphasised this now afresh as he turned to him.

"You see, Da Cruz? You don't seem able even to hold your detained prisoners in safe custody!" he reprimanded scathingly, adding as he turned to go: "Let me be hearing soon that the man has been found and brought back. I shall be in Mr. Morgan's place at the jute mills for the rest of the evening."

Driving his car out of the city in the moonlight, Tempest felt a touch of impatience over the way this stupid fire-brand of a Sikh kept cropping up inconveniently, pushing himself and his puny affairs into the limelight when far more vital matters were at issue.

Over dinner with Morgan, after relating the day's happenings, he said as much.

"I know that Rao Singh—by sight anyhow, which is about as far as one ever does know natives!" the other chuckled. "Actually, it's not long since he married the daughter of one of my foremen—rather a pretty little wench, when you could get a glimpse of her face. Their bit of land and house aren't far from here. And so—Rao Singh caused to-day's flare-up, eh?"

"He was at least the excuse," Tempest leaned forward, first glancing round to make sure they were alone.

"I'm sorry to say so, Morgan," he went on. "I hate the idea of a police official going wrong, especially of Inspector rank. But—I'm afraid your suspicions are right. Da Cruz most certainly is not on the square. I watched him when he didn't know it, and face and manner gave him away. My surprise visit had caught him unawares, anyhow, but when he gathered the mood I was in, and realised he was more or less on the carpet, he couldn't hide the fact that he was in a mortal funk."

"Pity, perhaps, you showed your hand so much," Morgan suggested. "I know why you did, of course. It was giving the man a good sporting chance; and maybe you know your own business best. Still—the mills manager shrugged. 'I'm afraid you'll get no change out of Da Cruz. I only hope I haven't done wrong, writing you as I did.'"

"On the contrary, should I be here if I hadn't appreciated your warning?" Tempest sat for a while in

brooding silence, and then went on: "That warning, in effect, is that Da Cruz is deep in the pocket of Hurry Dass Bahadur. And that gentleman, camouflaged by a title and a sterling reputation, is actually the secret brain behind the organisation at work here. It seems almost too fantastic to believe, Morgan."

"It certainly does, and you've only my word to back both suggestions. Certainly—if it came to a pinch—the first might easily enough be investigated secretly and found right. As for Hurry Dass' Jekyll-and-Hyde career—that, as I told you, came to me in confidence from an old native merchant in the city. And he, curiously enough, died mysteriously the very next day."

"Suggesting almost that he was bumped off as suspected of having talked?"

"All I know is that the old chap's tongue was effectively silenced—anyhow, whether by accident or design. We—I should have said you, as the policeman—can only work on that hint."

"It seems incredible," Tempest mused. "The man's very standing cries out contradiction to such a thing. The ghastly risks he would be taking if the truth came out—"

"You can be sure he's watching that point, Tempest, making sure no doors are left open. That's the beauty of his combination with your man, don't you see? Those he doesn't chance to lock tight, your Da Cruz does."

"Artful devils—if it's true!" Tempest laughed again moodily. "Both of them, of course, the very last people in Lalpuri to be suspected. Not that there's any new gag in that."

HE lapsed into thoughtful silence for a while, then added: "However, the problem is how to bust the show. Naturally, now I've let Da Cruz see I'm standing for no nonsense—and supposing he really is working in with Hurry Dass—they'll close up like oysters, shut down the works for the time being anyhow, and that's as far as I'll get."

"I'm afraid that's about it, Tempest; but even that will be something."

"But it's not everything. It's not what I want," Tempest fretted. "It would be too much like hatching an added egg. This is my first district, and—as you can guess—all my future career in the police depends on how I handle my charge. Think what it would mean to me if I could only catch those two red-handed, with every possible proof to hang them, the whole sinister business unmasked, if it does exist."

"Purely a question of patience, old son."

"Patience? My dear Morgan, the inspector-general isn't overburdened with that virtue, believe me! Did I tell you last night that—just before getting your letter—I had a sharp memorandum from him about the state of affairs here, and what was I doing about it? You see—"

Tempest saw that Morgan was gesturing warning across the table. Turning, the reason became apparent in a native butler salaaming. The man explained that two men and a young woman had asked to see the manager sahib most urgently.

Morgan, with an apology to Tempest, followed his servant out on to the broad, moonlit verandah beyond the open dining-room windows. A moment later, however, his voice called Tempest sharply, and the latter joined him.

"It's about that troublesome friend of yours, Rao Singh!" the mills manager told him. "This is his wife, with her father and brother. They seem to be in a devil of a state about him jumping gaol and now asking for more trouble, or something. Just what, I don't know, but Hurry Dass seems mixed up in it, so I thought you'd best solve the problem yourself."

The slim figure of a young girl moved agitatedly with a jangle of silver jewellery on arms and ankles. Tempest could see—as the colored sari over hair and mouth slipped accidentally for a moment, showing her face clearly, her fine and frightened eyes, the almost startling fairness of her skin—that she was really lovely.

One of her male companions began to explain to him, The Presence would know how Rao Singh had escaped from the thana, for it was known the Presence himself had sent him there.

Rao Singh

was foolish, filled with a great madness and an enmity against Hurry Dass Bahadur sahib. Even now, they feared, he meant to kill the Bahadur this night. Had he not returned home, after escaping from gaol, and then gone again quickly, taking a knife with him?

"Will not the Presence help me before it is too late, that my husband may not do this evil thing?" thrust in pleadingly the shyly desperate voice of the young girl. "Truly, the Bahadur means evil to him and me, yet I would rather that evil than it should happen to my lord that he kills a man!"

"And what can I do to prevent it?" Tempest asked with some natural impatience, having more to trouble him than this madman's behaviour. "How comes it that my police have not already taken him?" he demanded, irritated at that delay, too.

Getting no answer from them he turned to Morgan. "I don't suppose for a moment there's anything in it," he said in undertones. "but—to be quite candid—I feel it would be a pity if that headstrong idiot of a Rao Singh went to the hangman for a fellow like our Bahadur. I think I'd better go over to his place anyhow, in case."

"If I may, I'll go with you," the other suggested, and—Tempest agreeing—he turned and advised the natives to go home, saying that they must hope for the best.

The large and rambling house of Hurry Dass was, in fact, no distance away. The lights from its interior could be seen among the trees across the vast expanse of green grass maldan between the city and the broad flowing river.

"Matter of fact," Tempest reminded himself suddenly as they neared the place. "Hurry Dass did invite me to look in to-night, saying he was celebrating the festival with a party. That would be a good opportunity for a fellow running amuck like this Rao Singh to get in and do his worst."

Please turn to page 10

Matchless
for the
complexion



Pears
ORIGINAL
TRANSPARENT SOAP

**SURFER'S
FOOT**



GERMS
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Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and pulpy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay—treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

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Action...for Women's Army



WAITING for their first interview with the selection board for the Australian Women's Army Service, Southern Command.



MISS ANNE MURTAGH, Assistant Controller, Northern Command, interviews Brisbane recruit Miss Muriel McCosker.

Recruits are now being interviewed—promotion from the ranks promised

By A STAFF REPORTER

"All promotions in the Australian Women's Army Service will be made from the ranks," said Major Eleanor Manning, Assistant Controller for Eastern Command, when I interviewed her yesterday.

Major Manning, who has had a week or two of bustle now action on our Women's Army front has begun in earnest, spared me a few minutes between interviewing enthusiastic applicants for the new service.

"In each State a small group of officers has already been chosen, but they are only a nucleus and we will need more officers," said Miss Manning. "For instance, in N.S.W. there are six officers, including myself, but later on the controller, Lieut.-Colonel Sybil Irving, will come to N.S.W. and sit on a selection board which will choose more officers from the ranks."

Last week, all over Australia, the first examination of recruits began, and these examinations will continue until a big reserve of women is listed. The first Commonwealth call-up is only for 1600, but further call-ups will doubtless follow.

The Minister for the Army (Mr. Forde) has stated that many thousands of women will be required.

Australian women are excited and delighted that at last a Women's Army is going to become a reality in Australia.

Ever since war began they have shown their eagerness to share in the nation's task and now the opportunity has come.

"If you can get into the Women's Army, good luck to you."

This was the message sent to one applicant for enlistment from her A.I.F. husband overseas. It is typical of the encouragement being given to thousands of women who hope to be accepted.

Another girl who has been married only three months explained that her barrister husband had been rejected four times by the Army, and that they had decided that she should offer her services. She is a qualified typist, and also trained in transport work.

In the strictly masculine atmosphere of a drill hall at Victoria Barracks, Major Manning and her assistant commandants, Lieuts. Stella Swinney and Joyce Whitworth, are continually interviewing women.

Six are interviewed every hour, and 48 go through each day.

Each recruit is closely and carefully questioned as to age, family responsibilities, education, work, activities in clubs, organisations, on committees or in sporting associations.

Medical examinations follow the

interviews, and as soon as the first batch have been medically examined the first 100 privates will be chosen for the Women's Army.

"The recruits will live in camp for three weeks," said Miss Manning.

"Army instructors—men, of course—will train them in army methods of cooking, clerical work, army correspondence and filing systems. In general, they will have their first taste of army routine."

"At the conclusion of the three weeks they will be posted, as required, to army camps. If these camps should be country ones, then arrangements will be made to billet the women."

The training of recruits will go on steadily. As one batch is trained another will take its place, and so on.

Into training

THEY will also be drilled, attend lectures and physical culture classes. As far as we know the first batch will go into camp this month," she added.

This group will comprise women who will be salvage workers who are urgently needed by the Army. Ten or twelve will be chosen for this type of work. There will also be clerks and telephonists.

The telephonists will be given a trade test by Army officials.

Miss Manning expressed herself as "most satisfied" with the physical standard and qualifications of the women who are enlisting.

"There have been many enlistments from women who have had valuable clerical experience and



MAJOR ELEANOR MANNING (centre), Assistant Controller of the Eastern Command of the Women's Army, and Assistant Commandants Lieuts. Joyce Whitworth (left) and Stella Swinney interview a recruit.

TOP: Officers of the Australian Women's Army Service at the enrolling of applicants for the service in Melbourne. They are (1 to 4): Mrs. Marjorie Jamieson, Mrs. Eileen Parry, and Miss Isla Murphy.

who have held senior positions," she went on to say.

"Many of them are women who are giving up jobs which are extremely well paid for Army work, which is not highly paid. That shows the spirit inspiring them."

"There are women with University degrees, factory workers who have excellent experience in mechanical work, women who have been chefs or who have done courses of canteen cooking at the Technical College. All of them have applied to do the work at which they are most proficient."

Few have applied for the Intelligence. This will be only a small section of the Army and women best fitted for that kind of work would be those who have been confidential secretaries, or women with University training.

Typical of the enthusiasm prompting the recruits was that displayed by Miss Edna Rance, of North Sydney.

For the last six months she has

been giving all her spare time to learning and practising signalling.

During her interview with Miss Manning she said she was a tallness, had been employed in this capacity in a big city tailoring firm for six years.

Tallemesses are needed for the Women's Army, so Miss Rance will go in as a tallness.

"I felt a bit glum, as I wanted to be a signaller, and I have worked hard," said Miss Rance with rather a wry smile, "but if they need women to do tailoring instead, then I am quite willing to do it."

With their uniforms recruits will also receive an issue of underclothes, and shoes and stockings.

The summer uniform will probably be a short-sleeved frock of light khaki material with which will be worn a short coat. In winter it will consist of a coat and skirt of heavy material.

The hat is expected to be a slouch felt, with possibly the rising sun emblem on the hatband.

DO YOU KNOW?

17th Century "Dutch Draper" discovered "Bacterial mouth"

ANTHONY VAN LEEUWENHOEK, OF DELFT (1632-1723), MADE MICROSCOPES AS A HOBBY. HE WAS THE FIRST MAN TO DISCOVER BACTERIA ON TEETH, AND HE AFFECTIONATELY CALLED THEM HIS "LITTLE BEASTIES". BACTERIAL MOUTH CAUSES DENTAL DECAY. FIGHT AGAINST BACTERIAL MOUTH BY USING KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH SURFACELY, AND KILLS NEARLY EVERY GERM.

RABELAIS Immortal French Wit. STUDIED DENTISTRY!

THE HUMOROUS WRITINGS OF THE SATIRIST, PRIEST AND PHILOSOPHER, RABELAIS HAVE BEEN BANNED, BUT PHYSICIANS STILL READ HIS TRANSLATIONS OF ANCIENT GREEK MEDICAL AND DENTAL WRITINGS!

TEETH TRAP IMPOSTER!

A WOMAN WAS MASQUERADING IN THE U.S.A. AS THE GRAND DISCOVERER OF A NEW METHOD OF TREATING THE RUSSELLIAN AND OTHER DENTAL CASES. SHE WAS EXPOSED BY DR. KOLYNOS, WHO HAD FORGOTTEN THAT THE INDIAN DENTIST HAD ALREADY DISCOVERED THIS SIMPLE SERIES WAS AN IMPOSTER.

Arabian Cure for Toothache

IN ARABIA CERTAIN ARAB LECTURES ARE GIVEN ON THE WALL. THEY WHILE PATIENT PUTS FINGER IN ACHING TOOTH. A MAIL IN KNOCKER INTO THE FIRST LETTER AND A VERGE OF THE KORAN REGISTER AT THE BANK. YOU CAN BEAT IT. KOLYNOS REGULARLY KILLS TOOTHACHE BY KILLS PREVENTS DENTAL DECAY.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

ISLAND BEAUTIES WITH WHITE HAIR AND BLACK TEETH! WOMEN OF THE MARIANNE ISLANDS WORE THEIR HAIR VERY LONG, AND WHITENED IT WITH A DYE. WHILE THEY TOOK PAINS TO BLACK THEIR TEETH WITH HERBS! THIS TWO FORMS OF INHIBITING BEAUTY!

DINNA FORGET!

KOLYNOS IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL DENTAL CREAM OF ALL! IT LASTS THREE AS LONG AS 1) ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM HALF AN INCH OR A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty!

They can't call me "Podgy" now



I've reduced my waist, my hips and my bust by three inches since I started taking Ford Pills and following the diet chart. They can't call me "Podgy" now.

Ford Pills are marvelous for Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism and Overweight.

They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get Ford Pills in the new Red and Gold unbreakable tubes.

2/7 and 12/6. Everywhere. Note: 2/7 tubes hold more than three times 12/6 tubes. F.P.I.E.

FORD PILLS

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Beach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says: "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Beach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 2/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET



REMEMBER YOUR HINDS — and forget your hands

Remember your Hinds last thing every night and you'll quickly forget to be ashamed of your hands—you'll forget you ever avoided touching others' hands—you'll forget the embarrassing consciousness that your hands are "woody"! You'll have extra confidence, extra attractiveness—for men there's no greater allure than soft, smooth, "feminine" hands. Hinds quickly ends roughness, redness, and the "mannishness" that comes from golf, tennis, gardening, exposure, housework and other hand-hardeners!

Buy large size (2/2). Four times the quantity for only twice the price of small size (1/1).

HINDS WANTED!



LAST THING EVERY NIGHT



HINDS
Honey and Almond
CREAM

GRIMLY

Tempest added: "In any case, the fact that the chap is still at large is another nail in Da Cruz's coffin. He ought to have had him back in the police-thana hours ago if he'd been anything of a chief inspector. He's certainly not looking after his job—"

"You're a bit wrong in your judgment there, old son!" Morgan interrupted, stopping suddenly and drawing Tempest's attention to what could be seen inside a room of the house through lighted windows a few feet from where they stood.

There was the uniformed figure of Da Cruz, together with Hurry Dass and a crowd of other natives in a great state of excitement. The reason for this, Tempest saw, too, was Rao Singh, struggling furiously in the hold of several constables, one of whom was in the act of wrestling from his right hand a knife with a long and gleaming blade.

"The fellow's certainly a fighter, even if he's all sorts of fools," Tempest had to admit admiringly.

Followed by Morgan, he was quickly indoors, not waiting to be announced. Nor was his presence noticed—until he had thrust through the throng of chattering natives, and had come face to face with the still struggling Sikh.

At sight of him the latter became suddenly still, and then to Tempest's surprise—showed his ivory white teeth in a broad grin.

"Salaam, sahib," he greeted in that fierce, stubborn voice of his. "Now am I no longer afraid, seeing that the Presence is here! Now, indeed, shall I have justice—"

Whatever he had further to say was silenced by the stranglehold of the police, and meantime Hurry Dass was hurriedly taking Tempest's attention.

"You are indeed welcome, Superintendent Sahib, graciously honoring my poor house after all. How fortunate that you arrive also at this very moment! You see how the good Da Cruz has caught this escaped prisoner so cleverly, finding him concealed here with evil purpose—"

"A matter of the most simple deduction, sir," Da Cruz preened himself with smiling self-satisfaction. "It was easy to guess that he might be expected to find his way here, having a grievance against the Bahadur, so I came along with some men. Sure enough, presently there was an alarm raised upstairs by a servant, and my men found him."

"I must tell you, sahib, that this madman has committed an unforgivable sin!" Hurry Dass interposed. "He seems to have been hiding in the purdah apartments where my wives usually are kept, and which—as your honor knows—no man but myself may enter, according to our native law. Fortunately, as it happens, my wives and their women had been sent to the hills last week, so the apartments were empty."

"Well, in which case, Bahadur, the unforgivable sin did very little real harm," Tempest could not resist saying dryly, and—less interested in this crime against custom than in the Sikh, if only for sympathetic reasons—he turned to the latter.

"The advice I gave you in the police-thana seems to have fallen on deaf ears, Rao Singh," he rebuked sternly. "Did I not warn you that justice was not obtained by the striking of blows and a breaking of the peace? How much less now that you came here even to kill?"

"To kill?" The other shook his head, and asked: "Why should the Presence think that?"

"Why else did you go to your home, taking from there, as you know you did, the knife I have myself seen plucked from your hand?"

The Sikh's finely cut lips broadened in a grin once again. He flung back his turbaned head with pride. "Not to kill this fat pig of a Bengali did I carry that knife, my lord," he assured firmly. "Only to defend myself if—as happened—I was caught before I had done that for which I came, that for which I purposely made my way into the women's part of this house—"

"Arrah—what is it he says?" Hurry Dass butted in with his bleat on a note of amazement and some obvious anxiety, then addressed Tempest: "Why waste time, honored sahib, listening to this mad dog? Let Da Cruz and the police take him away."

W

HAT was the idea of the bridge, anyhow?" asked Laidlaw; and there was nothing offensive in the question.

He was an outsider looking in on marvels, entitled to curiosity, but Comstock's hard color heightened.

"It was to make a vital artery into the black lands," he said, with some heat. "To carry civilization. Roads—and roads are carried over bridges—are the arteries of progress."

"Thanks. It just struck me you might have scouted round and found an easier way."

Pityingly Comstock shook his lean head.

"There wasn't another way," he explained. "There was just the old jungle trail that was to be made into a wide and invaluable highway. It led to the one point in the Gorge where, by a miracle, it might be crossed. That was why I was sent out—to perform the miracle."

"Everything was against us from the start. This local Cetewayo I mentioned—he was superstitious. His witch-doctors told him that if the bridge were thrown across the gorge his power was ended for good. So he did everything a man could to snag us."

"Murdering a few men here and there didn't interfere with my plans," Comstock continued. "I sent old Lokola a clear warning: 'If another of my men got finished off, it meant war.'"

"And so, when another was found dead, I kept my word."

"I flatter myself I was cute. I had studied the native character and habits. These poor devils were steeped in crude superstition. I armed my most reliable men and took them to the village where my man had been murdered. I said that village was to blame and would be punished, since a man of the village had done the killing—and I could prove it."

Everyone craned forward, even Laidlaw. Comstock had them in the hollow of his hand.

It was Sonia who panted: "How—oh, how?"

"You have to remember I was alone, except for my own blacks. Berry, my assistant, had been sent

Eastern Guile

Continued from page 8

to the thana where he will be safe, and our enjoyment may once more proceed on this festival night—"

"All in good time, Bahadur," Tempest checked the other.

Something in the Sikh's burning eyes, an obvious message of frantic mute appeal, intrigued him. He had little enough confidence in Hurry Dass, anyhow.

"I think we'll first of all make sure what really did bring this Rao Singh here, and into your women's apartments—of all places," he insisted, and asked the Sikh to explain.

"Did not the Presence say in the police-thana that, if I would have justice from the Sirkar against this Bengali, I must have proof for the magistrate sahib?" Rao Singh reminded. "It was for that I came here. What I had been told, I had indeed heard. Yet, in the eyes of the Sirkar, telling and hearing are nothing. Therefore I sought here the proof, that I might show it to the Presence—"

"Proof of what?" Tempest demanded, puzzled, and strained of patience.

"That which I will show the Presence if he will so order that I go with him to those women's quarters. True, no women are there, as I knew when I went. But much is there which the Bengali seeks to be kept even more hidden than his wives—"

Tempest and Morgan both had violently to intervene, so startling and unexpected was the reaction produced by the Sikh's unfinished sentence. For Hurry Dass, livid of face and completely beside himself, had leaped at his throat, screaming in mad fury, bleating no longer. Only force eventually dragged him away.

And now, as Tempest looked at Da Cruz's fear-stricken eyes and twitching, swarthy face, he realised that an almost incredible hope was emerging into possible and miraculous certainty.

"Since there are no women in those rooms, Bahadur," he said tersely, "you will allow me to see for myself what this Sikh is talking about."

Jungle Outpost

Continued from page 3

to the coast with blackwater fever. He died on the way, and the new man hadn't arrived.

"I had to impress on our blacks the supremacy of us whites. Our—our infallibility. I told the headman I'd test his people. I hung a heavy native sword in the big communal hut and put a sack of millet under it—that's their usual food. Every man, I said, must take a handful of millet from the sack and bring it out of the hut and drop it into the sack at my side. One man at a time would go in, and be alone. I told them the sword would fall on the guilty man."

"THE natives did as they were told. Man by man they went into the hut, grabbed a handful of grain, came out, shot it into my sack. The tenth man I colored. 'Here's the killer,' I said. He confessed. I told my men to string him up."

"But—tell me—how did you know?" came from half-a-dozen of the audience.

"Oh, simple enough. I'd smeared scented oil on the haft of the sword. The guilty man grabbed hold of the haft to prevent the sword falling on him—only a guilty man would do that. I smelt the oil as he came near me."

"Wonderful!"

There was an expression akin to contempt on the face Comstock turned on Laidlaw, again sprawled back in his seat.

"And—the bridge?" Sonia asked.

WAITING for no answer, he ordered the police to unharness Rao Singh and follow him. The Sikh stalked into a great hall, up a stairway, along passages and then into the first of several rooms, empty save for Oriental furnishings. In one of these the party came to a halt.

"It was my wife who whispered to me of this, sahib," Rao Singh explained to Tempest with the air of a showman. "It was her custom to visit a woman friend here before we were married, and thus she came to know accidentally of the secret. Yet, as the Presence said to-day, of what use that secret if I could not prove it?"

"For that reason, Protector of the Poor," he went on, "I escaped from the police and made my way here to-night, that I might take in my hand some of this proof and bring it to the Presence. But they found me too quickly. Therefore, when I saw the sahib, I said to him that now I had no fear. For now—"

Striding to a corner and pushing aside a divan, he opened up some loose floorboards till a dark gap appeared, with wooden steps leading downwards . . .

A couple of hours later Tempest was back at Morgan's place, delightedly contemplating the wholly unforeseen results of a hectic day.

"What a veritable Chu-Chin-Chow hide-up," he said laughingly. "Dope—stacks of it! Jewellery and money galore. And what more perfect stowaway than the purdah apartments of his wives, safe from any outsider's intrusion, even from police-search without a very special warrant?"

"And with Da Cruz in his pocket to make sure that never came off!" chuckled Morgan. "Well, that's put paid both to him and our Hurry Dass Bahadur, besides getting you well into the limelight with your inspector-general, who isn't too patient."

"All through a poor, ignorant Sikh running amuck," Tempest acknowledged not ungratefully, and added: "Not perhaps so poor and ignorant after all, for he might make a first-class policeman, as I've been suggesting to him. It would be poetic justice if Da Cruz and our Bahadur come out, after the very considerable sentences they'll get, to find Rao Singh boasting it over them as chief inspector here. I'll see he gets the chance, anyhow." (Copyright)

"Nature let us down. Spite of all we tried, we failed. There were too many obstacles, apart from the natives. Fever got me, too; my servants had to restrain me by force—it was trying to achieve the absolutely impossible that licked me."

"We had to fight our way back. Lokola attacked us most of the way. We had to abandon a lot of our stores and material. But we kept him off. And that's why I always retain such vivid memories of Jungle Outpost."

It had been a good story, well told. Even Laidlaw added his congratulations to the others.

"Stout effort!" he complimented. "Fine spot of work. Not that old Lokola was such a bad scout, after all—if you handled him the right way."

"And what," demanded Comstock, "do you know about Lokola?"

"I'm just back from putting a railway bridge across the gorge. It was some effort, I admit. But old Lokola quite came to hand after a bit of coaxing; as a matter of fact, I allowed him to crack a bottle when the first train went over."

Comstock's mouth dropped open.

"I was thinking how well you described that country," confessed Laidlaw. "Jungle Outpost" is good; I must remember that one. Anyone here feel like a game of snooker?"

"I do," said Sonia, and found difficulty in not running towards the billiard-room.

(Copyright)



Essential to hair hygiene
EVAN WILLIAMS
Shampoo.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 206 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

A RATION OF FUN



"Mummy, tell me a fairy story."
"Hush, darling! Daddy will be home soon and he'll tell us both one."



"My wife comes home from the office too tired for words!"
"Gosh! Could you get my wife a job in that office?"



"I'm so glad you're kind to animals. But why give all the sugar to one horse?"
"Oh, he's the one that kicked our sergeant."



"You pay a small deposit and then you make no more payments for six months."
"Who's been telling you about us?"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Would you believe it? When I first took this job I couldn't even boil an egg."

BRAINWAVES

• A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE barber was lathering a customer, and talking volubly as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "We have to mind what we're about here. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined sixpence, and if we make an ugly gash it costs 1/-."

Then, brandishing his razor, he added: "But I don't care a hang to-day. I've just won a pound."

"Do you think my dress is the nicest in the room, John?"

"Too right, dear."

"And do you think my teeth are like pearls and my hair shines like silk?"

"Of course, dear."

"Oh, John, you do say such nice things."

"I MADE a bad mistake yesterday."

I told Mary that her stockings were sagging, and she slapped my face."

"What for?"

"She hadn't any on."

TWO small boys were trying to invent a new game. At last one of them said, eagerly: "I know, Bill, let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Garni. No fear," was the reply. "Look what a start you've got!"

IT ISN'T USE THAT AGES A BATH

.... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

When you see your nice new bath becoming scratched and damaged, blame harsh cleaning! A delicate porcelain surface was never meant to be harshly scoured. Vim's soap-coated grains clean smoothly and polish as they clean, keeping a lustrous easy-to-clean surface.

VIM REMOVES THE DIRT .. BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!



HALF awake HALF the time?

Get up in the morning half awake?
Sit about in the evening half asleep?
Eat your meals with half an appetite?

A tonic is what you need.

Refresh yourself with Kruschen Salts. A daily tonic of Kruschen is as bracing as a shower. Kruschen cleanses your stomach, washes out the kidneys, cleans out the poisons clogging your blood, makes a sluggish liver brisk, polishes up your digestion.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence, tasteless in tea, almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

7.18.41

An Editorial

JANUARY 10, 1942.

HOME PRACTICE FOR AIR RAIDS



BY this time most people in Australia have overhauled their blackout preparations, checked up on their electric torches, and chosen that part of the house likely to be safest from blast and splinters.

There is another preparation many have neglected — the mental preparation.

It can have its practical expression in an air-raid rehearsal in the home.

Lots of families have not worked out in full detail just what they intend to do if and when an air-raid warning is heard. That means they are mentally unprepared.

Mental unpreparedness means possible panic, or at least everyone rushing to be helpful, with little result but confusion.

Why not give each member of the family the necessary specific instructions? Young Bill may be detailed to cover the hall table with the spare-room mattress.

Little Anne may be told to go straight to her corner in the hall. Mother will turn off the gas.

The older girl will quickly fill the bath and sink and other water receptacles decided on in advance.

A couple of rehearsals will make the whole procedure automatic.

But there is more in mental preparations than this. A.R.P. lecturers stress the point that exhaustive inquiries have shown that in a first raid experience people generally react in two ways.

They feel sick and they feel inclined to cry.

Many, thinking this is weak and cowardly, imagine they are giving under the strain, and promptly go to pieces.

Remember this and be fore-armed against it.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Able Seaman A. E. Davis to a friend in Inkerman St., St. Kilda, Vic.:

"I RECENTLY sang at a dance. 'There was a big mob of 'swotties,' all belonging to the Manchester Regiment. 'They sang some songs of theirs and then they sang 'Sussex by the Sea.'

"I was with a Scottish chap, and he barges up and says, 'What about Scotland?' 'Everyone sang 'I Belong to Glasgow.' 'I thought to myself, 'This isn't do, Davo, my boy,' so I bowed up to the M.C. and said, 'Listen here, Bash, how about me singing about Aussie?'

"He said, 'Sorry!' and all that. 'So I got indignant and told him it was an insult.

"Some of the crowd heard me, and they said, 'Give him a go.'

"He finally gave in, and I propped myself on a chair and sang, 'Australia Will Be There.'

"Boy, I was pleased. 'I reckon I never sang so well in my life. It rocked them to their socks.

"I was the only Aussie there, but I made up for the rest of the whole of Australia."

Pte. B. P. Mudge in Malaya to his parents in Yass, N.S.W.:

"AT least one section of the army has the patience of Job. They are the men of the Hygiene Squad.

"Recently while I was doing some wiring on our section post I saw a Hygiene man stooping over a pool of water in a gutter. He didn't move for half an hour.

"I went down to see what it was all about. He was armed with a spoon and was catching wags — potential mosquitoes. That is his job day after day in all parts of this country where A.I.F. men are working.

"He told me he caught in this pool three mosquito-larvae which he thought were one of the malaria varieties. He puts them in a bottle of water and sends them to higher authorities to go under the microscope for determination.

"If they are potential malaria mosquitoes, another section of the Hygiene Squad will treat all the water in the area with their sprays.

"My friend told me that seven months before we came into this camp it was one of the worst places in Malaya for malaria. Now there are thousands of soldiers here and the malaria cases are a very small percentage.

"Then we have the 'human bait' right in the camp. He pitches his net over his bed in a different spot about the camp every night.

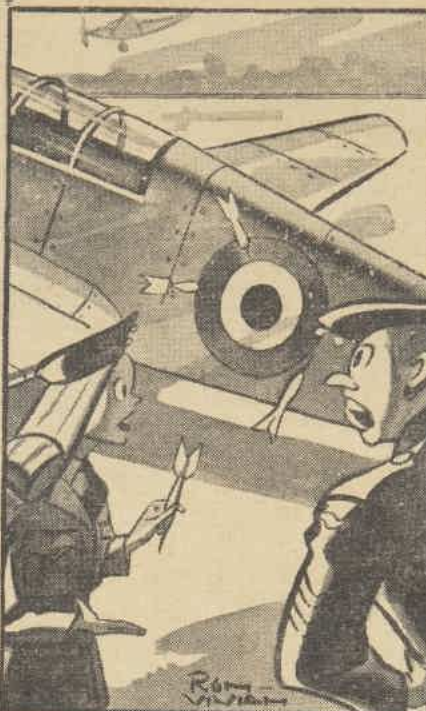
"Over that again is a larger net with openings in it to let the mosquitoes in.

"At all hours of the night and morning the 'human bait' emerges from his protective mosquito net, flashes a torch, and examines the mosquitoes in the large net.

"If he sees a malaria carrier, or a suspect, he traps it in a glass tube and it, too, is sent to the laboratory for examination by the experts.

"These painstaking men are doing a great job of work."

Winnie the War Winner



"Well, you see, Sarge, we lost our dart-board!"

Pte. E. L. Walsh in Syria to his parents in Yallunda Flat, S.A.:

"I SUPPOSE you have heard about Lieut.-Col. Lawrence, of the last war — Lawrence of Arabia?

"Well, the other day we visited his officer, the Sheikh Mahoudi Hibaabina. 'He has a bronze plaque of himself.

"He showed us the service rifle that Lawrence gave him.

"He told us he had them buried while the French were here, but when the British came he dug them up and hung them on the wall again."

Pte. F. A. Brown in Syria to his mother, Mrs. W. T. Brown, Calliope, Boyne Valley Line, Qld.:

"I SUPPOSE by this time you've heard of Jimmy Gordon, of Gingin, W.A., being awarded the V.C. all right.

"Gee, I'm pleased about it, as he's a great chap. Couldn't think of a person more suitable to hold a medal like that, and I'm sure he'll never change.

"The night word came through we were all camped up in the hills and when we were dragged out of bed at 11 o'clock we were all grumbling, as we were sure there was some sort of 'blue' on.

"Imagine just how things changed when we found out what it was all about.

"The padre brought the word up and, running true to form, the gentleman that he is, brought along a few bottles to drink Jimmy's health.

"I sent home a couple of snaps of him, Dinny, and myself taken in Beirut." (This photo was published in The Australian Women's Weekly, November 15, 1941.)

A R.A.A.F. trainee in Rhodesia to Mrs. W. J. Rose, Brighton Beach, Vic.:

"I AM on a very luxurious train at the moment complete with running water in each compartment and a lovely softly-lit dining-car, where one is served by neat Dutch waiters with heavily-oiled jet-black moustaches.

"Up here on the veldt it is hard to realise one is not in Australia. The scenery is an exact replica of the Western District in Victoria, with wide, yellow plain country dotted with clumps of some sort of eucalyptus trees.

"Every now and then, however, just to show us we are not in Aussie, we see a bunch of mud huts with thatch roofs and a few niggers and piccaninnies staring at the train with their mouths open.

"Now we are in Bechuanaland skirting the Kalahari Desert, and approaching the southern border of Rhodesia. We were told that it is lion and tiger country, but we scarcely believed it till we passed a railway gang.

"They all had high-powered rifles slung over their shoulders as they worked, so, as the natives here are completely friendly, we presume it is to guard against wild animals.

"We were all intrigued to see such an historic town — Mafeking — but the consensus of opinion when we had seen it was, 'Why bother to relieve Mafeking?'

"In short, it is not exactly a scenic marvel.

"Added to this was a general and deplorable lack of knowledge on the part of the R.A.A.F. as to who exactly relieved whom and why. It was a stirring tale."

A sailor in the R.A.N. abroad to his sister, Mrs. L. Dunstan, 17 Boronia St., Dee-why, N.S.W.:

"AN excellent orchestra has been founded since leaving port.

"It comprises musicians from some of London's best-known bands.

"It helps to a great extent to relieve the monotony. Some of the players are very versatile. One in particular plays eight instruments that I know of.

"Another chap, a violinist, is also a composer. He composed and wrote most of Gracie Fields' songs for her.

"He has just completed another song entitled 'Soon We'll See the Whole Thing Thru,' and we on board have been the first people to hear it played or sung."

A lieutenant in Syria to Miss Shirley Cox, Wasley St., North Perth, W.A.:

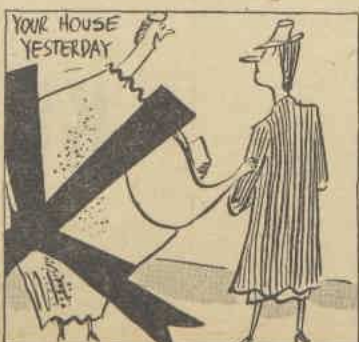
"NOW fancy you collecting a quid from The Australian Women's Weekly for that extract from one of my letters!

"My old clobber, malaria, once again landed me in hospital for a couple of weeks, and one night when I couldn't sleep I caught hold of a few papers to glance through.

"So help my goodness, I was reading one of those 'bits from the boys,' and it seemed vaguely familiar. It suddenly dawned on me that I'd written it myself!

"Perhaps I yelled out with the kick I got from seeing it—I don't remember; but when the nurse came around in the morning one of the chaps near my bed said: 'Give the blanky idiot a double injection, sister. He was delirious about 3 a.m., and reckoned he was a blanky author.'"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



Flying Fortress captain on duty—as an actor

Australian "Mick" Wood's job as the "ideal airman" in British film

"I tell you I wouldn't swap the job of pilot for that of film star for a King's ransom," said Flying-Officer F. A. ("Mick") Wood, former South Australian sheep farmer, now captain of a Flying Fortress. He has been acting since being chosen as the "ideal airman" for the British film, "The Flying Fortress."

Here's my description of "Mick" Wood, whom I met at the Fortress flying station—six foot three, weighing twelve stone, with fair, almost golden, hair, blue eyes crinkling at the corners, well-shaped mouth with a humorous twist, straight nose, clear skin, firm hands with long, sensitive fingers, easy carriage, and frank manner.

"I WAS just taking over my own sheep station when war broke out, so I left off raising fat lambs to join up," Wood told me. "I knew it must be the Air Force for me for I like plenty of open space around me."

That remark gave me the whole background of this sub-stratosphere pilot—a background as spacious as the regions where he is operating.

"Mick" Wood was picked from dozens of aircrews by Mrs. Walter Ford, associate producer and wife of the director of Warners' new film, "The Flying Fortress."

Despite the disparity in height, Wood reminded me instantly of Kingsford Smith—therefore Mrs. Ford's judgment cannot be far astray.

He's one of the few Australians piloting these American four-engined sub-stratosphere monsters.

He's done the maximum number of raids of any pilot of this almost invulnerable aircraft that has already disrupted the Luftwaffe's aerial tactics and set all their plans awry.

Their fighters can't reach it and the sub-stratosphere plays tricks with all their Ack-Ack precision.

Wood was dressed in a slate-blue aircrew suit, the rough warm battle

dress that operational crews wear on duty, when I drove through the gates of the aerodrome and met him at the adjutant's office.

Only the shoulder flash, "Australia," identified him as one of the Commonwealth's sons, for "Mick" Wood has few of those superficial characteristics marking Australians.

His voice is almost without a trace of the accent which first identifies members of the R.A.A.F. with their country, and his complexion now after nearly a year here is bleached of its tan and might easily be mistaken for an Englishman's except for the absence of ray tan in the cheeks.

Yet there was something very familiar about him.

The airman look

At first it puzzled me, then I saw what it was—that almost indefinable resemblance to "Smithy."

It had nothing to do with stature or coloring, it was a look in the eyes—the airman look. I knew what Mrs. Ford meant when she said to me, "He seemed to belong to space."

Then I had tea with "Mick" near the fire in the Officers' Mess. It was bitterly cold outside, but nothing to compare with conditions he told me of sub-stratosphere flying.

Electrically heated suits are worn by every member of the crew of seven.

"Mick's" rather long lean face became altered as with pride he talked of the Fortress.

"She's a wonderful aircraft, as I'll show you afterwards. You'll see how perfectly balanced she is."

"I know you expect me to have dozens of stories of hairbreadth escapes, but that is not the way we wage war from a Fortress. It's like a calm, smooth taxi-ride right up where the fighters can't reach us."

From
MARY ST. CLAIRE
our special
representative in
England



FLYING-OFFICER F. A. ("Mick") WOOD, against a background of Flying Fortresses. He is captain of a Fortress crew.

BROADCAST FROM THE MACQUARIE AUDITORIUM

**"RADIO
HOLLYWOOD"**

Thurs. 7.45 p.m.

The latest news and gossip from the studios flashed by cable from Hollywood . . . a film Acepot, with rich prizes to be won . . . compered by "The Hollywood Reporter" . . . highlights of the week's films . . . and Reginald Lewis' band, with Barbara James, bringing you the hit tunes of the hour.

**"THE
TRIAL OF
MARY DUGAN"**

The stage's greatest drama of the courtroom comes to radio with an outstanding cast headed by Irene Harper, Queen's Assize, Richard Parry, Lou Vernon, and John Saul.

SUNDAY
(Jan. 11)

8 p.m.

2GB



DREAM HOME TICKETS ARE NOW ON SALE

At Red Cross Branches, Newsagents,
and our Headquarters, Prudential
Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TICKETS SENT TO YOU
FILL IN THIS COUPON CLEARLY AND MAIL TO-DAY

To the Secretary,
RED CROSS DREAM HOME,
Box 65 CC, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I understand that Dream Home tickets are available now.

Single tickets cost 1/- each.

Books of 6 tkts. cost 5/- each (1 free ticket).

Books of 12 tkts. cost 10/- each (2 free tickets).

Please forward me . . . tickets in the Dream Home
. . . books of 6 tickets
. . . books of 12 tickets

for which I enclose . . . shillings.

Name . . .

Address . . .

State . . .

I enclose a 2½d. stamp for my tickets, to help the Red Cross.

Parents in Adelaide

"WE know nothing about this picture here," "Mick" has not told us anything yet," said the flying-officer's father, Mr. F. Ainslie Wood, of Adelaide. "But I am sure if 'Mick' has been ordered to appear in a propaganda film he will do his duty whether he enjoys it or not."

"Mick" spent several years as a boarder at Geelong Grammar School, is a strong swimmer, and was always a lover of outdoor life.

As soon as he left school he became a jackeroo. He first went to Two Twins station, in Northern Central Australia.

"It was in his five years of jackerooing that 'Mick' built up his physique," said his father, who is also well over six feet.

Mr. Wood would not admit that his son is good-looking. "Mick" is only a strong, healthy, out-of-door young man," he said, but "Mick's" friends pronounce him very good-looking.

According to his letters he has had to train rigorously for stratosphere flying. A slight cold might burst the ear-drums at a height of five miles above the earth, and Flying Fortresses sometimes go as high as seven miles up.

There is a medical examination of each member of the crew before each flight.

Cream ODO-RO-NO Stops PERSPIRATION

Don't trust your daintiness to less than the best! It costs no more, takes no longer to use.

- Smooth as satin, it is not gritty.
- Non-irritating, may be used before or after removing hair from the underarm.
- Non-greasy, will not stain clothes, or otherwise harm them.



Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. Just get a small box of Olex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Soothes Skin irritations



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ BURMA CONVOY

Charles Bickford, Evelyn Ankers. (Universal.)

MELODRAMA of the Burma Road, this film offers plenty of fast action and some competent acting.

Charles Bickford plays an American truck-driver conveying munitions and supplies to the Chinese Army in Chungking. When his brother gets involved in a Eurasian spy-ring and is murdered, Bickford sets out to avenge his death.

Bickford is vigorous and convincing. Evelyn Ankers an attractive heroine. Australia's Cecil Kellaway as a Scot gives a neat character portrayal.

Actual scenes of the Burma Road, clipped from stock shots, add interest.—Capitol; showing.

★ THE GETAWAY

Robert Sterling, Donna Reed. (MGM.)

A REMAKE of "Public Hero No. 1," which appeared in 1935, this story of Federal G-Men and their efforts to smash gangster mobs is still an entertaining and exciting yarn.

G-man Robert Sterling, posing as a criminal, has himself thrown into a cell with gang-leader Dan Dalley, Jun., the idea being that Sterling should find out and track down the rest of Dalley's dangerous gang. Sterling engineers an escape for

them both, so winning Dalley's confidence and a place for himself in the gang.

Outstanding in the cast is Charles Winninger, playing a drunken doctor who serves the crooks. Sterling does well, while appealing Donna Reed, making her debut, reveals real ability and personality.—Capitol; showing.



CHARLES LAUGHTON as he appears in his next RKO film, "The Turtles of Tahiti."

Here's hot news from all studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

FOR the third successive year Mickey Rooney heads the annual official exhibitors' list of Champion Moneymaking Stars. Gable comes second, the new comedy team of Abbott and Costello third, and Bob Hope fourth. Also in the first ten are Gene Autry, Gary Cooper, Bette Davis, James Cagney, and Judy Garland—in this order.

ROSEMARY LANE married makeup artist Buddy Westmore in New York, and, after the ceremony, rushed back to a Broadway theatre for her role in the musical, "Best Foot Forward."

CLARK GABLE has been elected head of a committee organising Hollywood players for war benefit shows and camp entertainments.

BETTE DAVIS, first woman to be elected to the office, has resigned as president of the Motion Picture Academy. She is succeeded by vice-president Walter Wanger. Explained Bette: "The presidency is a full-time job which, owing to my film schedules, I find myself unable to handle."

Now recovering from flu, Bette has been ordered a two months' rest by her doctors, and is planning a riding trip into Death Valley with husband Arthur Farnsworth.

CARY GRANT has donated £30,000 to British-American War Relief Funds.

NORMA SHEARER has had to cancel her holiday in Sun Valley, where her children are staying, in order to co-star with Robert Taylor in the modern comedy, "Slightly Platonic."

WALT DISNEY is making twenty short films which will be used for instructional purposes in the U.S. navy.

JOHN BARRYMORE'S daughter Diana, who has already scored stage successes, will probably make her film debut in Wanger's "Eagle Squadron."

AUSTRALIAN actress Mascotte Ralston and her ex-husband, Phil Harris (now married to Alice Faye), are still squabbling through their lawyers over the amount of financial support which Phil must provide for their adopted son.

YOU can discount all those reports of Madeleine Carroll retiring and going back to England for war work. She has been announced for the feminine lead in Paramount's "Forest Rangers."

HANDSOME John Payne has been given star-rating, a raise in salary, and a new long-term contract by 20th Century-Fox—all in all a successful New Year.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE declares that her best New Year present was a postcard from soldier brother in Honolulu, saying "Safe: Well." This month, Shirley starts work in "Annie Rooney" with William Gargan playing her father.

MESSAGES of thanks from R.A.F. cadets are still pouring in to the Herbert Marshalls and the Ronald Colmans, who each entertained a hundred of the boys at Christmas dinner.

ON his return from a six-weeks trip to England, producer Alexander Korda intends to star Merle Oberon in a screen version of Tolstoy's "War and Peace."

FOLLOWING a serious sinus attack, Walter Pidgeon has resumed work in "Mrs. Miniver" with Greer Garson.

MICKEY ROONEY'S fiancée, Ava Gardner, has won a big role in MGM's "Along Came Murder."

FOLLOWING the spectacular success of "How Green Was My Valley," which he adapted from the best-seller, Darryl Zanuck is re-engaging the entire cast for a sequel, "Men of the Valley."

DOUGLAS MCPHAIL and Betty Jaynes, whose divorce went through some months ago, have become reconciled.

Our Film Gratings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ The Reluctant Dragon. Fascinating Disney full-length cartoon.—Mayfair; 3rd week.

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in heart-warming technicolor drama.—Liberty; 3rd week.

★★★ It Started with Eve. Deanna Durbin, Laughton in sparkling comedy.—Lyceum; 3rd week.

★★★ That Night in Rio. Alice Faye, Don Ameche in enchanting technicolor musical.—Regent; 2nd week.

★★★ Love on the Dole. Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans in powerful English social drama.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★★ Birth of the Blues. Bing Crosby, Mary Martin in pleasant musical.—Prince Edward; 3rd week.

★★ Suspicion. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 2nd week.

★★ Dive Bomber. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray in spectacular aviation drama.—Plaza; 2nd week.

★★ In the Navy. Abbott and Costello in bright farce.—State; 2nd week.

★ Lady Be Good. Ann Sothern, Robert Young in entertaining musical.—St. James; 2nd week.

"Why I use New VEET to remove hair"



★ New 'Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

★ New 'Veet' leaves the skin soft and velvety-smooth, without a trace of ugly bristly stubble like the razor leaves.

★ New 'Veet' is a dainty, white cream, sweetly-scented, clean and delightfully pleasant to use.

★ New 'Veet' weakens growth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow back faster and coarser. 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

"Believe Me This Cream Of Milk Recipe will make the average woman of 50 look like 30"



Use it where these
arrows point—then
all over your face and neck

HERE is a quick way to make a lined, flabby, sagging skin, fresh, firm and young. Mix one ounce of pure cream of milk (predigested by pancreatin) with one ounce of predigested olive oil, then mix with two ounces of best cream. This will nourish your skin and restore youthful freshness and beauty to an unbelievable extent. The great Sarah Bernhardt used this recipe to keep herself looking young and at 70 she played the parts of young women. This can be prepared by your chemist but the making of a small quantity is expensive. Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) contains cream of milk, predigested and specially prepared with predigested olive oil for nourishing your skin. It is a true skin food. Successful results are guaranteed in every case or double your money will be refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

'ASPRO' POWDERS are marvellous for WOMEN

'ASPRO' Powders at one penny each or 14 in the shilling packets are giving women wonderful and practically immediate relief from all kinds of Pain and Headaches. For Colds, Flu, Rheumatism and Sciatica the quick-relieving action of 'ASPRO' Powders is remarkable. There is no bitter taste with 'ASPRO' Powders, and they have been proved harmless to both the heart and the stomach.

READ THIS LETTER

Miss P. A. writes from Newcastle:—"For the past three years I have attended my doctor for anaemia and pains peculiar to women and at such times as these I have had to go to bed for at least five or six days on end and I have not been able to help myself at all. I thought I would give your 'ASPRO' a trial, and I am sure I wish I had tried them sooner, as after taking them twice they put new life into me, and I can now go about anywhere without the least bit of fear and pain. To say that I am troubled with my heart and they do not harm me in the least is a high praise for 'ASPRO' the 'Health giver'."

Always Insist on
'ASPRO' POWDERS
BEST and SAFEST!

The Australian
Women's Weekly
£2000 Fiction Contest

Serials and short stories.
Entries close: Short Stories,
March 31, 1942.
Serials: September 30, 1942.

The Movie World

January 10, 1942

The Australian Women's Weekly

15



Five clever young people win dramatic honors

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

IT is an extraordinary thing that some of Hollywood's finest performances recently have been given by very young people.

The group includes a seventeen-year-old high-school girl, a young matron, a schoolboy, and an ingenue straight from the New York stage.

The schoolgirl is Joan Leslie, who will be seventeen this month. Her portrayal of Gary Cooper's shy sweetheart in the recently-completed "Sergeant York" placed her in the front rank of Hollywood actresses, and earned her the coveted leading role in "The Male Animal." In this film she plays a college student, but off screen she's still doing high-school work.

Remember the little twelve-year-old boy who befriended Walter Pidgeon in the Twentieth Century-Fox thriller, "Manhunt"? That was English Roddy McDowall, a youthful veteran of British pictures, who has been in Hollywood with his mother and sister for the past twelve months.

His second film, "How Green Was My Valley," from the Richard Llewellyn best seller, has led to young Roddy being hailed as the screen's foremost child star.

Another outstanding success was

scored by Joan Perry, the new Mrs. Harry Cohn, appearing as the young wife in Warners' "International Squadron." This was her first important role in her first important picture.

Attractive green-eyed Teresa Wright, just twenty, came direct from Broadway to play Bette Davis' daughter in Goldwyn's "The Little Foxes"—and almost stole the picture from Bette by the simplicity of her performance.

After the critics delightedly discovered her in this film, Teresa was assigned to the starring role in Goldwyn's "Lost Battalion of Crete."

Then there is Betty Field, whom Warners borrowed from Paramount to play Cassie, the doctor's daughter, in "King's Row," that weird drama of American small town life from the best-selling novel of the same name.

Betty made a screen test for this role, which many glamor girls, including Bette Davis, had hungered for. Warners unhesitatingly gave it to her.

In fact, Betty was so good in this test that it was incorporated into the picture, and she did not have to do that particular scene again.

And this, I believe, is the first case on record in Hollywood history where a test became one of the key scenes of a film.



● Attractive young starlet Joan Perry, who recently proved she has talent as well as beauty in Warners' "International Squadron." (Top) Joan Leslie, Gary Cooper's seventeen-year-old leading lady in Warners' "Sergeant York"—Joan is the youngest actress playing adult roles in Hollywood.

The GIRL they love to photograph...



● Rita Hayworth enchanted Stork Club patrons in New York recently by dancing the Gob Fling with Montana sailor Heckler.



● Even in such a trying moment as this one Rita looks glamorous. Fitting is for the gown which she wore on a "date" with four service men, each representing a branch of the U.S. armed forces, who escorted her on a sightseeing tour of the city during her recent visit to New York.



● Youth and grace personified, Rita looks like this in Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich," in which she dances with Fred Astaire. Delighted studio hopes to team Fred and Rita in many more musicals.

Rita Hayworth

THE most publicised girl in Hollywood is Rita Hayworth, Columbia's newest star personality.

A cameraman's dream with her brunette loveliness and her lissom figure, Rita also happens to be that rare jewel, a really co-operative star.

Nothing is too much trouble for Rita, who will stand for hours in the blazing sun, or under hot camera lights, signing autographs, posing for pictures.

In New York recently Rita created something of a record by granting thirty Press interviews, making twenty personal stage appearances, and starring in eleven radio broadcasts—all in a fortnight.

In grateful recognition for her prevailing good humor and graciousness, Hollywood cameramen have given her a trophy, naming her the year's most co-operative actress.

Paradoxically, Rita is actually shy and terribly self-conscious, and honestly dislikes being "fussed over," as she terms it—but she regards publicity pictures and all the rest as part of her job.

So it is not surprising that every studio has been after this engaging young woman.

lovely,
lissom, and
terribly shy

As soon as she completed Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich," in which she dances with Fred Astaire, Twentieth Century-Fox claimed her for a romantic role opposite Charles Boyer in "Tales of Manhattan."

Rita has her husband, Ed Judson, to thank for her glamor build-up. A shrewd business man, Ed decided after their marriage that if Rita wanted a career he would see that she got it.

It was he who insisted that she take diction, French and singing lessons to improve her voice, dramatic lessons to make her less self-conscious, and get herself a top-notch glamor wardrobe.

Once a week he took her to Ciro's. She never appeared more than twice in the same gown, and every time she walked in the cameramen fell over themselves to take her picture.

Rita thinks a great deal of Ed. No wonder. A husband like that is worth thinking of.



To Sue

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES
AND HERE'S WHAT YOU SHOULD DO:
READ A COLGATE AD WITH CARE
AND KNOW THAT IT MEANS YOU!



LATER—NO BAD BREATH TO STOP SUE NOW!



He directs his laughs at Hollywood



1 **HOLLYWOOD** comedy director Sullivan (McCrea), yearning to do social drama, sets out for material.



2 **IN** tramp's garb he meets the Girl (V. Lake) movie failure about to hike home.



4 **DISCOVERING** Sullivan's real identity, the Girl, dressed as boy hobo, insists on joining him in his travels, and pair spend days on road, nights in hobo camps seeing life until Sullivan feels he has collected enough experiences to make his film.



3 **PANICKED** by Sullivan's jaunt, studio plots to follow him in motor so he will come to no harm.

Barbara Stanwyck
PARAMOUNT STAR



Barbara Stanwyck, known for many sterling performances and now a great success in "The Lady Eve," knows the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick which enhance her natural beauty. You, too, may learn the secret of the screen's most beautiful women by filling in the coupon below and receiving from Max Factor * Hollywood Analysis and Color Harmony chart, listing correct shades for your individual type.

Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

FILL IN COUPON

AND POST TO-DAY
MAX FACTOR, HER MAJESTY'S
ARCADE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA:
SEND ME MY COLOR HARMONY
MAKE-UP CHART AND 48-PAGE
ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTION
BOOK, "THE NEW ART OF
SOCIETY MAKE-UP" BY
MAX FACTOR. **FREE**

| COMPLEXION | EYES | HAIR | SKIN |
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| FAIR | GRAY | GRAY | GRAY |
| CHEER | BROWN | BROWN | BROWN |
| HEALTHY | BLACK | BLACK | BLACK |
| ROSY | BLACK | BLACK | BLACK |
| FLAWLESS | BLACK | BLACK | BLACK |
| CRISP | BLACK | BLACK | BLACK |

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Sydney.

Sturges' comedy

BRILLIANT Preston Sturges, the writer who amazed Hollywood by turning director and making film hits from stories he wrote himself, has made his fourth film, Paramount's "Sullivan's Travels," co-starring Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake.

It's slapstick with a message—the story of a famous Hollywood director (McCrea) who decides he's wasting his time making comedies, and should produce a film of real "social significance." To get atmosphere for the picture he goes on the road as a hobo, where he learns the real value of pictures that make you laugh.

Veronica Lake, silver-blond siren of "Men With Wings" forgoes glamor for most of the film. Her role is that of the Hollywood girl who, disguised as a boy tramp, accompanies Sullivan on his travels.



5 **SHOCKED** servants, trailing Sullivan, are relieved when he arranges for girl to be sent back to Hollywood, and he will follow.



6 **COLD REALITY** catches up with solitary Sullivan when his fight with brutal train detective leads to his sentence to chain-gang.

Understands his players

NO director in Hollywood has had more experience with high-ranking stars than Clarence Brown, who has little use for that overworked word, "temperament."

Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, Charles Boyer, and John Barrymore comprise only a few of the stars who have received directorial guidance through the years from Brown.

"Understanding people from whom you're trying to get a job done is one of the primary requisites of success," is Mr. Brown's opinion.

"Without trying to impose upon the star, I have attempted to get close to the individual's personality. I have tried to make a minute analysis of all the stars with whom I've worked—not only of their ability, great or mediocre as the case may be, but of their good and bad points, their interests and their emotional set-up.

"I have saved considerable time and avoided no end of emotional strain by learning early in my association with them that loud laughter disconcerts Joan Crawford; that Paul Muni is easily taken out of a mood which he is trying to hold by noisy conversationalists around him; that cigar smoke upsets Helen Hayes.

"I've found that Myrna Loy is happiest when she's surrounded by people she knows. For instance, she always insists on having the same hairdresser, the same wardrobe girl, and the same maid.

"And of course I always clear the set of everybody except essential workers when making a film with Garbo. She just can't bear to know people are watching her."

Clarence Brown is now working in England on "Cargo of Innocence," in which Robert Donat is starred.

Among his brilliant American successes were "Anna Christie," "A Free Soul," "Anna Karenina," and "Idiot's Delight."



7 **RESCUE** is remote for discovery of vagrant's corpse clothed in Sullivan's stolen apparel convinces the heart-broken Girl and his studio that missing Sullivan is dead.

Written in the STARS

Shrewd people, Capricornians like to turn little into much—to build, to consolidate. They like to work hard even at their pleasures.

MOST Capricornians—people born between December 22 and January 20—should now be enjoying better opportunities and good fortune. They should therefore plan ahead wisely, and then work diligently and enthusiastically to reach the goals they have in mind.

Capricornians are rather patient, far-seeing, and capable people. They are not usually "lucky." They seem to have to work hard for all they get. Yet there are very few absolute failures among them.

Their biggest danger lies within themselves and is based on the "pleasure" most of them get in being sad, moody, fearful, doubtful, and depressed. In reality, they are often immensely cheerful beneath this seemingly doleful exterior, but they are apt to become the victims of self-pity.

If they are wise they will learn to be cheerful even when things are inclined to look "black." They must cast self-pity or a sad outlook on life into the background and in their place cultivate humor and optimism. They will enjoy life better if they do.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Take no risks just now. Difficulties, delays, upsets, and arguments can predominate, especially on January 9, 10, 11. However, with caution and wisdom, trouble can be avoided.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Get busy, Taurians. Plan well and work hard on January 7 (but avoid discord or anger), January 8 (after 1 p.m.), when changes, good fortune and promotion are possible), and January 9 to 2 p.m. when further changes, surprises, and benefits are likely.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Unspectacular days for aggressive action, yet January 9 (near 2 p.m.), January 10 and January 11 (near noon only) can be helpful for modest ventures and changes.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Be on guard against losses, partings, disappointments, arguments, and opposition, especially on January 11, January 9 and 10 can be poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Keep to routine affairs, or merely try to improve affairs which were started before December 22. January 6 (around 8 a.m. and near dusk) fair, but not strong.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Try hard for the things you want. Your chances of success are good, particularly on January 8 (from 1 p.m.) and January 9 (to 2 p.m.). Make changes and seek promotion or gain then.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Dodge all discord, delays, worries, and obstructions now, if you can. You can get yourselves into trouble, especially on January 11 (morning and late afternoon), January 7 and January 8 (mornings) poor, too.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Quite fair for many Scorpions on January 8 (from 1 p.m.), January 9 (until 2 p.m.) and January 10 (from dusk to 8 p.m.). But be cautious and make no changes on January 8, January 12 (round dawn), and January 13 (after 9 p.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Just a week of days for most Sagittarians, but you may be able to slightly improve on ventures which were started just before Christmas. If so, utilise January 6 (between 5 and 7 a.m. and 5 and 8 p.m.). Next best are January 9 (near 2 p.m.), January 10 (afternoon), and January 11 (noon).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Don't waste a moment of January 8 (near 2 p.m. but difficult until 1 p.m.) or January 9 (from 6 to 8 a.m.). Much can be accomplished by you then. January 12 (early morning) treacherous, January 13 (between 7 and 9 p.m.) helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unspectacular weeks for most Aquarians, but an excellent time to tidy up and plan for the near future. Things improve considerably for you soon. Meanwhile, January 8, 12 and 13 can be poor; but January 9 can be very helpful (especially from sunrise to 2 p.m.). Also January 10 (afternoon).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Moderately helpful, so plan constructively and work hard to achieve success. January 7 and January 8 (early) very poor, January 13 (from 7 to 9 p.m.) fair, January 13 (after 9 p.m.) poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.] June Marden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have failed in their first attempt to trap the Octopus Ring, a desperate spy-gang that is stealing government aeroplane plans. With **MR. ROARK:** Of the Secret Service, they escape from the spies' headquarters, which

had been deliberately set alight by the gang, but before continuing on the case Mandrake announces his intention of sending for **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne. His cable is intercepted, and when she receives it she is asked to arrive on the Monday, a day ahead of that named by Mandrake. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d

The A.I.F. wrote these VERSES

ON this page we print verses written by A.I.F. soldiers.

Dangers and hardship, new scenes, homesickness, loneliness for loved ones—all these emotions shared with fine comrades have inspired many of our boys overseas to write what they feel in verse.

Some of these verses have appeared in A.I.F. journals, in other cases the writers have given copies of their verses to fellow soldiers so that authorship is sometimes difficult to establish.

Bobby Tobruk

HE was only a stumped tailed poodle.
He owned no pedigree,
He was born in a Libyan dust storm,
Near an Eye-tie R.A.P.

The boys of the Company loved him,
They treated him like a mate;
He shared their beer and biscuits,
And everything else they ate.

He'd do his turn at lines guard,
And a share of the picquet as well,
And never a crime had Bobby,
Not a single A.W.L.

He saw his share of the fighting,
And fought like a soldier, too,
For we taught him concealment and cover
In the billets at Mersa Matruh.

He barked at the Plains of Olympus,
And fought in the thick of the van;
The boys of C. Company loved him,
And voted young Bobby a man.

And Bobby was born to battle,
Though with none of the Battle's luck—
And he who had dodged dive-bombers
Had to die 'neath an Arab truck.

So we gave him a soldier's funeral;
'Twas all that we could do,
For Bobby Tobruk was a clobber of ours,
And helped us see it through.

By T. H. RIGG, NX8608

My Wife

SOMETIMES in the silent night
When the world about is still,
I see the lovelight of your eyes
And hear your laughter trill.

And when I wake to hear the birds
That serenade the sun,
You hearten me with whispered words
Which tell me we are one.

Where'er I go, the whole way through,
I'll cast aside all fears,
Find courage in a woman true,
My pal through all the years.

By a Lance-Corporal and his Unit in the Middle East.

Faraway

TO me these stars,
That looked on earth when time began,
Whisper no tales of far caravan,
Nor of the birth of Son of God made man—

And this red sun,
Steeped in the blood of endless wars,
Tells not of strife, no mem'ry stores
Of hero, or of martyr, or of cause.

To me these stars
Are laughing at a million lights that shine
Above the country and the people that are mine,

And this red sun
Is vibrant with the surf and plains extended,
And full of tales of home—the vision splendid.

By Pte. WAL TURNER.



Sydney Seen from Darwin

WELL, here's a go. How could I
or know
By simply facing South that sight
throw
Against my eyes the blaze of S
streets—
Its sounds and scents, and dives and
retreats—
Its Neon lights—my favorite hote
The Cafe tables with the oyster-sh
Hamburgers sizzling in an argum
With coffee simmering in strong o

Up here in Darwin, where the hot
flicker
And drive a man to curse and drin
liquor.
I still can pin my vision in this
On music at Romano's—cakes and
And spit out all the butt-ends of m
That have become so stale in Da
ways . . .

As if a magic lantern jerks my ne
I see King's Cross upon a scre
swerves
In flickering colors painted in re
Against this drab lone northern univ
That's all there is to Darwin . . .
screen
Through which the lights of S
shine between.

By Pte. M. G. CLOUGH NX32





NOSTALGIA

IS Spring's caress of sun and breeze on that south land of ours?
Does nature's quickening pulse awake the bushland birds and flowers?
Though far away from her to-night I see her placid skies;
Remote, yes! clear, from foothills green I see her mountain rise.
Through sun-dried plains, past winding creeks my memory wings its way;
Down railway tracks and city streets to one blue shining bay.
The lights of home . . . familiar scenes . . . the clasp of old friends' hands—
These are the fleeting dreams that come in these far, war-torn lands.
Unshackled now my wish flies free—when this grim show is through
May I return through peaceful seas, Australia, home, to you!

By
KELLY KELAHER

Thoughts of Youth

WHO can tell the thoughts of youth,
As he leaves his native land,
In his valiant search for the way of truth?
They are few who understand.

Who can see the dream youth sees,
Or probe the secret mind,
As youth sails on o'er troubled seas,
And leaves his home behind?

There's a range of purple hills,
Dim-lit by the setting sun,
A garden bed of daffodils,
Symbol of spring begun.

The sound of the mighty surf,
As it breaks on the sandy shore,
The song of birds as day gives birth,
And the sun shines forth once more.

There's the smile of Mother and Dad,
Of brothers and sisters, too,
The wistful look of a noble maid,
The friends who are kind and true.

Yes, these are the thoughts of youth,
As he leaves his native land,
In his valiant search for the way of truth,
They are few who understand.

By Lance-Corp. E. V. EMMETT—'41, Malaya.

Rats of Tobruk (A reply to Lord Haw-Haw's jeers)

GOOD morning, Rats," the Donkey
brayed.
"Rats at the end of your tether,
I hear your nerves are somewhat
frayed.
Shall I snap them altogether?
Hee-Haw, Haw-Haw,
I'll snap them altogether."

And he called to his birds of prey,
"Swoop low on the British rats;
They're afraid of the light of day,
They live in caves like bats.
Hee-Haw, Haw-Haw,
They live in holes—the Rats."

So the Vultures flocked for the kill,
And they dived on the hospital ships.
And the hospital high on the hill
They blew the wards to bits.
"Whee—Cr-r-umph."
They blew sick men to bits.

Then in the Fortress drear,
Which they wouldn't evacuate,
The Rats began to stir—
The British are slow to hate.
Rat-a-tat, Rat-a-tat,
The Rats sat down to wait.

Full gorged with easy game,
The Vultures flocked once more,
"A hundred plus" they came,
And dived on the shattered shore.
Eeee-ow, Eeee-ow,
They dived and rose no more.

Crash went the big Ack-Ack,
Ker-plunk went the Bofors guns.
And the little Rats stood back
And spat at the hateful Huns.
Rat-a-tat, Rat-a-tat,
Spat lead at the hated Huns.

The Rats gave a grin to themselves,
And they worked as they'd always done—
Worked in the dark like Elves,
Unseen by anyone.

The Dock Rats swarmed on the gullant ships,
And carried the cargoes away.
Food, ammunition, tanks, and guns,
Safe hid by the break of day.

Safe hid and passed to the Desert Rats,
Who guard the outer wire
(And what if we did pinch some of the beer,
A Rat is worth his hire).
And the Desert Rats gnawed at his lines by
night,
Creeping up on the Hun like ghosts,
Till he screamed and broke in panic flight,
And we took his hard-pressed posts.

In the grey little country over the sea,
The Bulldog cocked his eye,
"Well done, you Rats of Tobruk," said he.
"We hang on you and I."

—By A. RAT.

Safe and Well

WHEN you're sucking at your pencil,
And you don't know what to say;
When you wish the flamin' censor
Had never seen the light of day,
There's always one small item left
We know it's safe to tell:
It doesn't take much writing—
"Dear Mum, I'm safe and well."

The tucker may be onkus,
The water pretty crook,
We haven't seen a drop of beer
Since Wavell took Tobruk.
You've been up before the skipper
For being A.W.L.,
But take your pen and write it down,
"Dear Mum, I'm safe and well."

We've heard the cry of jackals,
And the braying of the donk;
We've bargained with the Arab
For his eggs and fruit and plonk;
We've lived with sheep and camels
And their everlasting smell;
But still we write the same old words,
"Dear Mum, I'm safe and well."

We've heard the Jerry bomber
Come screaming overhead,
And it isn't very pleasant
To be dodging lumps of lead;
When we're sitting in the trenches,
Midst the hail of shot and shell,
We still have time to send a line—
"Dear Mum, I'm safe and well."

A grey-haired Mother standing
Beside the old bush track
Is waiting for the mailman
For news of her soldier Jack;
A smile lights up the careworn face
With a beauty no words can tell,
When she reads the old familiar words,
"Dear Mum, I'm safe and well."

By the late Lance-Corp.
CLAUDE H. MAWBY.



FASHION PORTFOLIO

22

The Australian Women's Weekly

January 10, 1942

LITTLE MONEY ... LOT OF STYLE



• Simple afternoon frock with navy geometrical butterflies fluttering over a ground of white crepe. The skirt features panel pleats and the bodice is made in shirt style. Designed by Debenham and Freebody. (Above left.)

+ + +

• Brisk little frock of rose linen, with an unusual squared yoke and whopping tucked pockets on the front of the skirt. White bone buttons march down the bodice, and a narrow white leather belt accents the waist. (Above centre.)

+ + +

• A white loop and bow pattern is printed on a flamingo-pink background for a charming tunic frock. The buttoned jacket has patch pockets, demure Peter Pan collar, and three-quarter-length sleeves finished with three deep tucks instead of cuffs. The skirt has unpressed pleats stitched low over the hips. Debenham and Freebody. (Above right.)



• Eyelet embroidery is an up-to-the-minute fashion note borrowed from yesteryear to provide the effective garnishing of this heavy white linen frock. A long belt of self material wraps round the waist to loop in front.

Wardrobe teaming

SKETCHED BY PETROV



• If the weather is chilly you can don a lightweight wool coat over your frock, or for your precious leisure ring in a sporty change by wearing the blouse with shorts and jerkin.

• Seven articles can make a snappy wardrobe this summer. First a shirt and pleated skirt league to make a frock; for variation add a tailored jacket or a pair of smart slacks.

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR

Put an end to your hair worries to-day, with the technique of a Hollywood beauty specialist . . . damp-set your hair with VELMOL.

3 EASY STEPS: (1) Run a wet comb through hair to damp it. (2) Brush a few drops of VELMOL evenly through. (3) Arrange in waves and curls with fingers and comb.

In four minutes your wave revives, hair gleams with new fashionable sheen. Ask chemist, store or hairdresser for VELMOL.



"Heart's Desire"
Style by
Norman Flahm Sydney

HERE is a dashing new summer wardrobe at a glance.

The blouse, designed on casual shirt lines, and the box-pleated skirt are made of coarse oatmeal linen boldly overchecked in blue, red, aqua, and navy.

The 27-inch jacket is made in heavy oatmeal linen with a soft English drape and is banded with saddle-stitching, which is repeated on the jerkin and along the seam of the slacks.

The slacks are slim as a reed and straight on the sides with newly narrowing hems. The boxy, full-length topcoat is designed for comfort and features capacious pockets.

The jerkin, fitted at the waist and bloused above the belt, repeats the three patch pockets of the jacket.

All these pieces are made for each other, and each separate part can lead a versatile life.

It's the Fashion TO WEAR KAYSER MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY



It's fun to go gay on carnival days
With legs clad in beautiful, glamorous "K's"—
"K" stands for Kayser—
A girl finds it pays her
To insist on the stockings whose quality stays!

Kayser stockings give longest possible war-time wear. Choose colours to harmonise with your frocking; including Victory—harmonious neutral beige, Banner—a delicate rose beige, subtly toned with mauve, Loyalty—a versatile golden beige, Shadow—sophisticated greyish beige.

Definitely—I'm
a ONE BRAND woman
now . . . I insist on
KAYSER

IF THEY FIT THE ANKLE WITHOUT A WRINKLE . . . THEY'RE KAYSER

A few bright notions to cope with a war budget

• Bring new life to a depressingly plain beige frock by knotting a white cotton tasselled cord round the neck and waist. With it white gloves and halo hat.

• Simple, isn't it? Just a piece of ribbon which exactly matches your dress tied round your curls instead of a hat—and costs only a couple of shillings.



• Vitalise a black frock with a deep yellow vestee and wide cummerbund margined with a tiny frill. The black hat is freighted with yellow flowers and tied on with green veiling.

• Add some detachable revers, cuffs, and pocket-flaps to a winter-weary suit to make it look like spring. This bright blue suit is offset with crisp white cotton coin-spotted in red.

• If you've got a remnant of gay, lush material make it into an evening sweater with mad pouch-pockets and wear it with an odd black or white skirt.

• Make an entirely new dress by the simple addition of a contrasting plastron. For fashion fireworks you might hand-knot a cotton fringe around the edge and make yourself a cunning bag to match. (Left.)

Make these tailored CAMI-KNICKERS

With dainty embroidered design

THIS attractive design is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality crepe-de-chine in white, sky, pink, pale pink, gold-dust, green, mauve, and light saxe. The

pattern is ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Sizes 32-34-inch bust, 11/6; 36-38-inch bust, 12/9. Or paper pattern only, price 1/7. Embroidery transfer price 1/9 extra.



169

169. EVERY mother will want to make this attractive and practical little suit for her small son.

Pretty style for tiny girls

THIS sweet little frock is now available from our Needlework Department, traced on the best quality crepe-de-chine or pure sheer linen. The crepe-de-chine comes in some very attractive shades, including white, sky, pale pink, saxe-blue, pink, gold-dust, and apple-green. Sheer linen in white, tussore, blue, lemon, pink, green, and saxe. The frock features front fastening from neck to hem, with dainty shirring on each side of the front bodice. The Peter Pan collar and small puff sleeves are youthful notes. In sizes 1 to 2, 2 to 4, and 4 to 6. Prices are as follows:

Crepe-de-chine: Sizes 1 to 2, 7/11; 2 to 4, 8/6; 4 to 6, 9/11. Plus 6d. postage.

Sheer linen: Sizes 1 to 2, 7/6; 2 to 4, 8/3; 4 to 6, 9/6. Plus 6d. postage.

A paper pattern is also available for 1/4. Transfer, 1/6 extra.

TRIM SUIT

For 1 to 6 yearers

THIS cool little suit is ideal for summer, and is now available from our Needlework Department, traced on the best quality crepe-de-chine or sheer linen (same shades for both as stated for No. 168). The design is plain, with the tuck-in blouse, short-legged trousers with button fastening, and twin pockets embroidered with patriotic emblems. Made in sizes 1 to 6 years. The prices are as follows:

Crepe-de-chine: Sizes 1 to 2, 7/11; 2 to 4, 8/6; and 4 to 6, 9/11. Plus 6d. postage.

Sheer linen: Sizes 1 to 2, 7/6; 2 to 4, 8/3; and 4 to 6, 9/6. Plus 6d. postage.

A paper pattern of the design is also available for the price of 1/4, and matching transfer for 1/6 extra.



168

168. AN engaging party frock in sizes to fit small girls 1 to 6 years. The shirred yoke gives a smart fullness to the skirt, and the button-up front simplifies laundering.



172. THESE charming cami-knickers are obtainable in crepe-de-chine in a range of delicate pastels. They are designed to fit sleekly, yet are blissfully comfortable to wear.

Simple shirtwaist frock

THIS frock is now obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on lovely materials of the best quality, all ready to sew and embroider. It is available in dainty eyelet linen and slub linen. Both of these materials launder like a handkerchief, and come in a wonderful range of pastel shades.

The design is simple, yet smart. The sleeves are well extended and finished with a turn-back cuff, and the neckline is trimmed with a dainty Peter Pan collar. Stitching

trims the front, belt, sleeves and collar. Vivid embroidery touches accent the three pockets.

Shades in the eyelet linen are sky-blue, green, pink, and white, and in the slub linen white, sky-blue, buff, green, and saxe. The prices are as follows:

Sizes 32in. and 34in., eyelet linen, 16/9; 36in. and 38in., 17/9. Plus 9d. postage on each.

Sizes 32in. and 34in., slub linen, 15/9; 36in. and 38in., 16/9. Plus 9d. postage each item.

A paper pattern of this design is also available for price of 1/7, and matching transfer 1/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



163

163. THIS brisk little frock will make you look and feel cool on the hottest days. Embroidered pockets add a festive note.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4097, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491C, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. H. calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

UGLY FAT GOES QUICK THIS SAFE EASY WAY

How many pounds would you like to lose? 5 pounds? 10? 25? You can lose any amount in amazingly short time. Take BonKora daily, and watch disfiguring fat melt away from ugly double chins, bulging waist and heavy hips. BonKora's triple action means triple speed in getting results and at the end of one week you will be astounded at the difference in your figure.

LOVELY LINES APPEAR ALMOST AT ONCE . . .

This 3-stage way gets rid of surplus fat first, so that shapely lines appear right away. When you have the figure you want, stop the treatment. You can reduce slowly or quickly, according to the doses you allow yourself. Don't get too thin, but keep a normal healthy figure.

EAT BIG MEALS YET LOSE FAT DAILY

No starvation diet with BonKora. Cut down on fatty foods, but eat generous meals of delicious satisfying foods described in booklet in package. Never have a hungry moment, yet your friends will be amazed at the increasing slenderness of your figure.

NO THYROID OR HARMFUL DRUGS IN BONKORA—EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE IT

Users everywhere say that the BonKora treatment brings new health and ends many long-standing troubles while reducing. Start taking BonKora now; a little taken daily will make you feel fitter, and look younger than you have in years.

Obtainable at all chemists—6/6 a bottle, or 3d in stamps brings you FREE SAMPLE and full details of treatment. No increase in price because of Sales Tax.

If your local chemist has no supply of BonKora, send 6/6 in postal note to The BonKora Company of Aust. Pty., Ltd., Box 3725 S.S., G.P.O., Sydney.



FEELS BETTER THAN SHE HAS FOR YEARS. LOOKS YOUNGER, PRETTIER.

BonKora gives health while it takes away fat. Overweight is dangerous to health—poisons clog the system and bring sickness, headaches, and laziness. BonKora clears your body of these impurities and your vitality increases while you lose fat this pleasant, easy way.

They Catch the Eye!

Catch the eye with white shoes that are white... dazzlingly cool! Shu-Milk, the perfect cleaner, removes spots and stains instantly... is always ready for use and will not rub off. It's more economical, too, does not evaporate. For canvas, suede or leather, men's and boys' shoes too.

6d. & 1/- a bottle

Cleans all
white shoes

Shu-Milk





Green water crashing on the decks—flying spindrift turning to icy needles almost in the air—through howling gales and frozen seas, in peril of U-boat, mine, bomb or shell . . . Day in, day out the navy carries on—every man aboard alert . . . guarding our seaways . . . protecting our convoys . . . saving our ships . . . bringing victory closer hour by hour.

24 hours a day in Vicars Mills, nearly 2,000 men and girls are working to produce the woollen yarns needed for underwear and uniforms to keep our boys in navy-blue as snug and warm as possible.

Each week the workers produce enough cloth to make service uniforms by the thousand—enough yarn for many thousands of sweaters—

for socks by the tens of thousands and nearly one hundred thousand woollen undershirts.

Every piece of cloth and every yard of yarn is kept to the highest quality, worthy of the wearers of these all-Australian materials.

There will not be a moment's slackening of production until the black shadow of Nazidom no longer darkens the earth.



Vicars

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Trim and fashion-alert styles
designed for summer flattery

F2194.—Smart two-piece suit with contrasting yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., and ½ yd. contrast, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2195.—Sophisticated style with heart-shaped neckline and bracelet-length sleeves. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2196.—Gathered frock featuring front fullness and a slim bodice line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2197.—Bare-midriff swimsuit in brilliant floral, with ballerina skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3 yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3279.—Youthful evening frock with buttons marching down the front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 7½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2198.—Simple style with flared skirt and designed for spectator sports. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2199.—Dramatic housecoat with contrasting bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4 yds., and 1½ yds. contrast for top, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.



Special Concession Pattern
PLAY STYLES FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
Sizes 2 to 8 years.
No. 1 requires 1½ yds., and ½ yd. contrast, 36 ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 1½ yds., 36 ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 1½ yds., and ½ yd. contrast, 36 ins. wide.

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Enjoy that foot-tingling rhythm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits.

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Steel Guitar

or
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"It's the only Correspondence School endorsed by The Music League of Australia."

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202A



Cuticura
OINTMENT

Continuing . . . The Cheat

from page 6

GILLIAN consumed two plump olives while her heart righted itself. "Too scared," she answered carefully.

"More than likely something she wants to forget," interposed Basil, bending over gracefully. "Your handkerchief, Pamela. You dropped it."

A level glance skimmed the devastated fruit bowl and settled on the girl's face. "Is it really yours?" asked Cleave interestedly.

"Certainly not," stated Gillian, wondering if the voice she used was her own. "I perjure and purloin equally well."

Horace Ainslee approved of her in an immense whisper. "I stole a great deal as a child," he confided. "Jam, cake, all kinds of pie . . ."

"What a distressing conversation!" Basil found no stimulus in human frailty. "Really, you'd think none of us any better than we should be."

"Who is?" queried Mrs. Ainslee succinctly. Ostensibly, she changed the subject, but to Gillian's overwrought hearing there seemed little variation. She talked with spurious vivacity, suffered genuinely, and never quite knew how the evening ended.

Alone in her room, she succumbed to shamed panic, the more acute because she had only herself to blame. She stared in the mirror at the stark depths of her soul, and audibly pronounced herself a cheat.

She paced the verandah outside her room, futilely seeking counsel of the night. Enchanted trees whispered to a phantom moon. Wraiths of mist followed the hidden currents of a silvered river. Little substance there for mortal consolation!

A voice came from the shadows. "What are you calling yourself this time?" is inquired sociably.

Gillian whirled towards the recognised accents, startled and furious. At least she was entitled to a respectable privacy when she was arranging her repentance.

"This is an outrageous intrusion," she exclaimed. "You have no right here."

"Neither have you," was the equable retort. Jasper Cleave assumed definite outline against the balcony railing, and waited for her to answer.

"If you don't go," she threatened vigorously. "I shall rouse the house."

. . . and inform it that you have carelessly mistaken yourself for Pamela Murdock?"

Gillian swallowed painfully. How could she find out how much he knew? "I shall ask to have you removed . . ."

. . . and I shall decline to be. I like it here. Will you have a cigarette, or do female impersonators smoke cigars?"

A match flickered in his cupped hands. A tiny flame outlined the strong angle of his chin, the confident poise of his head. Power of speech returned to the girl.

"Do the Ainslees permit you to maintain hallucinations on the premises?" she asked with creditable disdain.

A strange look weighed on her. "They are permitting one," he told her. "Both of them, and with Horace's bulk they tip the scales of justice at . . ."

"I detest statistics," she interrupted loftily. "Besides, if you believed what you are saying, you'd be exposing me this instant. Have you no honesty? Probably you've"

designs—on—" she stammered a little in her attempt to dissemble, "the hall linoleum at this very moment."

"An idea of improving the pattern," he admitted imperturbably. "Would you like to see it in its unviolated state? We could don rubber gloves and rob the pantry while about it, if you wish."

"I would rather steal a little rest," Arms folded over a pounding heart, she stood in the doorway, proudly pretending a defiance she did not possess.

"Whose rest were you thinking of?" demanded the man shortly. He was gone into his own room before Gillian could reply. Some time towards morning, she wrote to Pamela Murdock for instructions.

Basil presided over the table in solitary grace when she came down to breakfast. He placed her chair with a sigh of relief, and said he was afraid that she would vanish in the night.

"So was I," admitted Gillian, intending to employ as much truth as possible. Engrossed in strong coffee and black thoughts, she gave him but scant attention until he insistently repeated a question.

"Where did you know him? Cleave, I mean."

"In the past," she said briefly. Basil considered that better than the present, but he was still restive. He thought that he had heard voices in her room during the night.

"I couldn't be sure . . . I mean the man has no delicacy. I want you to count on me if . . ."

He hesitated significantly. Gillian disliked the curiosity arching his brows, the vanity shaping his mouth.

"I was talking to myself," she said calmly. "You've no idea what you can say to yourself when you let yourself go."

"For example," said a cheerful voice, "I've just wished myself a rousing good morning. I've said, Jasper, it's a fruity summer. Be up and taste it. Basil, you seem as fresh as a cabbage." Newspapers and letters in hand, Jasper Cleave seated himself beside the girl and beamed on her admiringly.

"What is the criminal procedure for the day?"

With only a trace of venom, she said it was a minor homicide. He considered the idea excellent.

"There is something so positive about them," he stated, and handed her a bulky envelope which he said was undoubtedly from an accomplice.

"Just the family," she contradicted in level tones. She knew the envelope contained letters from

Pamela Murdock to be forwarded to her travelling parents. Rising, she said she must answer at once, but escape was not so simple. Escorted to the library by the two men, she was forced to write diligently to an imaginary correspondent until Basil, finding the windows lacking in audience appeal, reluctantly departed.

Cleave promptly emerged from a magazine to say that, if the forgeries were finished, they would put them into circulation at the village post office.

"Can I embezzle my stamps there, too?" Impossible to post her own letter to Pamela in his observant presence, but she might discover how much of his behaviour was due to sound knowledge and how much to low suspicion.

She told herself it was suspicion, or there would have been action before this, but it was frail encouragement. She burned the fictitious letter in her room, produced a genuine one of Pamela's and gave it to him with a challenging smile.

Wild flowers foamed along the river in a wake of tender color. Shining hills soared to a radiant sky and glistening green waters sang as they journeyed to the sea. Seemingly mellowed by it all, Jasper Cleave drove in an amiable silence past wood and orchard, hamlet and farm, until at last Gillian suspected treachery.

"Is the nearest post office in Australia?" she inquired of his impervious profile.

He turned to her in mild surprise. He had no intention, he said, of posting her letter until he had compared it with her own handwriting.

"When did you know me so intimately?" she demanded in a stifled voice.

"When you were a Christian slave." He drove as long as he wished and turned round when he pleased. Gillian savored the promised fresh air and learned nothing.

Mrs. Ainslee was brooding over a mass of yellow roses when they got back, and her husband was contemplating a tray of cocktails.

"I trust you two contrived something to live down," he said, raising a hopeful round face. "Two heads are better than one at such things."

"Don't be specific, Horace," commanded his wife. "Pamela, do something for these ailing roses. I've aroused all their innate antipathy."

Basil joined them to wrestle with the thorns. Cleave offered elaborate advice. Carefully sorting the roses, Gillian wondered how she could ever escape from the others long enough to communicate with Pamela Murdock.

Please turn to page 30

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—How are you facing up to daylight saving? Sort this out, anyway—the clocks in Brisbane are Ahead of Hobart's—the same as Hobart's—behind Hobart's.
- 2—Wanting a trailing sort of plant to beautify the garden wall, your best choice from the following would be Nemesis—oleander—bougardia—begonia—smilax.
- 3—In the midst of sweeping Russian victories, Stalin celebrated his birthday on December 21. He was 49—52—57—64—62.
- 4—Did you include prunes among your Christmas and New Year delicacies? They are Dried grapes—dried plums—fruit of a tropical palm—fruit of a small Eastern shrub.
- 5—Topical geography! Luzon is in Malaya—Thailand—the Philippines—Hawaii—Midway Island.
- 6—In case you've never heard of a climacteric, it's a Period of crisis—instrument for gauging tides and currents—hysterical outburst—division of the monsoonal season.
- 7—"Ever the faith endures, England, my England." These lines were written by Henley—Rupert Brooke—Masefield—Wordsworth—Swinnburne—Dryden.
- 8—A sarong is a kind of Shawl—sash—skirt—head-gear—behind cloak.
- 9—Recent intriguing newswatch! Hitler takes over supreme command of the German army from Von Rommel—von Bock—von Leed—von Brauchitsch—von Rundstedt.
- 10—Which of these is out of place? Lion—sturgeon—bear—whale—camel.

Answers on page 30

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, Got Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 1/2, 1/4.

Cystex KIDNEYS BLADDER
The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

FOR HOME DEFENCE AGAINST...

FLIES, MOSQUITOES AND ALL OTHER INSECTS

FLY-TOX

Defend your home—defend your health against the diseases spread by flies, mosquitoes and other insects. Kill these insects by spraying Fly-Tox, the strongest, most penetrating insect spray. With Fly-Tox, it takes less to kill—thus Fly-Tox is more economical.



it kills

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Surprise planned . . .

LOTS of surprises planned for the children of sailors who have been invited to huge New Year party at the Town Hall this Saturday.

A special programme has been arranged for the concert which will begin at 2 o'clock (Items to be kept a close secret until the day) then a gift for each child.

Afternoon tea (complete with ice-creams, balloons, and caps) in the basement for the 1000 children and 600 mothers who are expected to be present.

Navy war auxiliary members coping with mammoth party include Mesdames J. G. Grace, G. C. Muirhead-Gould, C. J. Pope, George Moore, J. Bull, Clifton Penny, and C. C. Clarke.

Double wedding . . .

TWO sisters who announced their engagement last November and have chosen same wedding day are Betty and Nan Upward, only daughters of Mrs. Leonard Upward, of Killara . . . double ceremony at St. Martin's, Killara.

Betty marries Corporal Terrence Ashley Thorpe, A.I.F., only son of Captain and Mrs. Ashley Thorpe, of Mosman, and Nan's bridegroom is Lance-Corporal John Foster Krone, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Krone, of Mosman.

The family wedding veil of Honiton lace is for Betty, the elder by seventeen months, who chooses lovely gown of magnolia satin. With her Old-World lace gown Nan wears a billowy tulle veil.

Each has two attendants . . . Suzette Thorpe and Mary Wicks, in dusty-pink chiffon, follow Betty up the aisle, and Nan has Mrs. M. A. Primrose and Yvonne Murray, in jacaranda-blue taffeta frocks, as matron of honor and bridesmaid.

Marquee on lawn of the Upwards' home to accommodate 130 guests invited.

Surfing . . .

AT Palm Beach for January are Burleigh family, Judy, Helen, Nancy, and Pegg (Mrs. Wolfson), with latter's two children, Clinton and Jonathan.

Nancy has month's leave from her work with Australian Women's Flying Club, and Mrs. Burleigh spends few days each week at Palm Beach between canteen duties.

January wedding . . .

LOVELY diamond ring for Mora Finlay, youngest daughter of the T. J. Finlays, of Knoyle, Burradoo, from Surgeon-Lieutenant Pat Reilly, R.A.N. . . . met two months ago, engagement announced New Year's Eve, and marriage to take place this month—the 17th.

"Just a quiet wedding," says Mora, who will wear a street frock of tucked white romaine and white hat for ceremony. Mrs. Copper Morrow, who introduced the pair, to be matron of honor.

Telegrams despatched to Melbourne to Pat's brother, Commander Winn Reilly, and Mora's sister Mrs. Verton Bruce Smith . . . news also sent by telegram and cable to her two other sisters, Mrs. Peter Binnie, at Quirindi, and Mrs. Bowtell Harris, in India.

Mora, who recently completed her course in physiotherapy, plans to keep on her work for duration.

Telephone proposal . . .

OFFICIAL warnings to June Bracken about what cannot be said on radio telephone not at all necessary, she says, when Alan Ritchie phones her at Bellevue Hill home from Nova Scotia.

"Much too excited to talk about the weather," June tells me after long-distance proposal of marriage from Alan, who is a sergeant-observer with the R.A.A.F.

June, only daughter of the E. C. Brackens, wearing lovely square sapphire-and-platinum ring.

Did you know? . . .

SUNKEN garden at rear of the Jim Kendalls' Woollahra home turned to good account . . . provides site for sandbag-reinforced air-raid shelter for family.

In spare time between an all-day-and-every-day job at the National Register, Betty Evans still works enthusiastically at C.U.S.A. canteen.

Having just finished furnishing new home at Vaucluse, Joan Platt Hepworth now probably moving back again to family's home as Ian's call-up for military service due.

Promise kept . . .

SCHOOLGIRL promise will be kept when Patricia Thomas has Joyce Cooper and Pat Livingstone as her attendants at wedding with Allan Middleton "sometime this year" . . . the trio made a pact years ago that whoever was married first would have the other two as bridesmaids.

The newly-engageds spent a New Year's Eve in keeping with the times . . . Patricia was on duty all night at the N.E.S. underground telephone control centre canteen, and Allan was on duty as a fire-spotter in the city.

Schoolgirls' work . . .

SCHOOL holidays for students of M.L.C., Burwood, do not mean any slackening of their work for Western Suburbs auxiliary of Australian Army Medical Corps Comforts Fund . . . most of the lasses have taken their needles and wool away with them.

During past six months the principal, Miss Gladys Wade, has forwarded 300 jumpers, 200 scarves, 60 balaclava caps, and 20 pairs of socks, all made by the schoolgirls, to the auxiliary, and numerous hot water bag covers and scarves, work of the kindergarten.

They catch the eye . . .

BLUE-AND-WHITE patterned frocks and white hats worn by Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar and Mrs. J. D. Jacobs, lunching together at Romano's . . . Mrs. Mackellar's hat threaded with blue-and-white spotted scarf, and Mrs. Jacobs' with a watermelon-pink snood.

Nile-green brocaded satin frock patterned with white baskets of flowers worn by Alison Adams, dancing at Prince's with Captain Leo Cook . . . Alison goes to Melbourne this week to take up duties with the W.A.A.A.F.

Foursome at Prince's — the Lynn Vickerys and Roy Hudsons . . . Mrs. Vickery in striking midriff gown of striped taffeta, and Mary (Wells) Hudson looking lovely as ever in blotting-paper pink crepe.



• DURING VISIT to C.U.S.A. canteen Lady Wakehurst stops to speak to Leading Telephonist C. Smith, R.A.N.



• TWO MEMBERS of newly-formed committee for mobile canteen appeal, Patricia Parsons and Philomena Loneragan, discuss money-raising plans.



• ATTRACTIVE HELPERS at St. Andrew's Hut, Kath Noss and Lesley Turner load up trays of salads for soldiers.



• BEST MAN Dr. Colin White and bridesmaid Mildred Rountree leave Wesley College Chapel, University, after wedding of Holfrid Beattie and Joyce Street.



• CONTRAST in hats at Randwick. Judy Playfair wears upturned halo hat with floral frock, and Sheila Tonkin chooses wide-brimmed straw trimmed with burgundy ruchings.



• CORPORAL AND MRS. JOHN HAWKES, latter in pale blue with wide white belt, dine and dance at Romano's.



• LEAVING St. Jude's Church, Randwick, after their wedding are Marine Cedric Ashton, R.A.N., and his bride, former Sonia Johnston.



• NEWLY-ENGAGED Betty Maxwell and Bill Kendall celebrate at Prince's.



Curls to Conquer

Curls permed with Eugeneol "B" sachets are shining examples! Eugeneol "B" were especially made to safely curl bleached hair, but are equally suitable for coarse and naturally wavy textures. Eugeneol "B" eliminate frizz entirely, bring new light and lustre to your curls. For your next perm, say Eugeneol "B" sachets.

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There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

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Itch Germs Killed in 7 Minutes

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, eczema, itching, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, freckles, and other skin troubles. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs in 7 minutes and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm now 2/1
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

NERVY WOMEN RUN-DOWN MEN... CRANKY CHILDREN

Proved 14-day, no-risk test has shown thousands of men, women and children the quick way to win back strength, new energy, buoyant health and vitality.

There is no need for anyone to go about half sick, nervy, irritable, run-down, below par and listless, or to suffer from lack of confidence, sleeplessness, irritability, pains in joints or muscles, headaches or indigestion.

BLOOD AND GLANDS STARVED FOR MINERALS. In nine cases out of ten, such disorders are caused by an impoverished blood stream starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It conveys nourishment, repair material and all the elements which make for health and strength in every cell. It brings life-giving oxygen to the tissues, carries away waste and refuse and contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, gland, nerve, bone and tissue in your body.

MINERAL STARVATION CAUSES MANY DISORDERS. A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ill. Lack of PERILUM causes Anemia, Headaches, Weakness, and Lassitude. Lack of CALCIUM causes Stomach Trouble, Chills, Rheumatism, Poor Teeth and Weak Bone Structure. Lack of SODIUM causes Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Trouble. Lack of POTASSIUM causes Heart Disorders.

IMPROVED FROM FIRST DOSE
Mrs. O.M., of North Walker, S.A., writes: "I was very ill for months. My head ached horribly, as though it were on fire. I was so highly strung that I would scold the children at the least sound of their names. From the first dose I could feel it doing me good. After four bottles I have never felt better in my life."

BIDOMAK

The Tonic of the Century — 3/2

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING

LATE in the afternoon she managed to reach the road without immediate detection. She flew along it like a bright leaf in the wind, momentarily expecting to be enveloped by Jasper Cleave's mocking smile, but it was Basil who looked down on her from a lesser height.

"Don't you know you weren't born to walk alone?" he chided, when he had regained his breath.

"The river is going my way," she replied coldly. She heard once more that she was to be protected from Jasper Cleave.

"Really, his conduct is distressing. I don't know where to begin."

"At the end," she advised, and unwittingly encouraged him.

"Preliminaries are for lesser souls," he agreed approvingly. "You and I are not as the others. But Cleave is eternally hinting at something. There are under-currents to all his words."

"How damp."

"Whatever he means by it, I don't like it. And I intend to act..."

"That will delight your public." As Gillian had known he would, Jasper Cleave materialised in their midst, smiling diabolically. The symmetry of Basil's features temporarily collapsed.

"You were listening," he accused angrily.

"One must occasionally. Ever try it?"

Mindful of the letter she carried, Gillian slipped it down her neck and tilted a defiant chin above its ungraceful outlines.

"I'm concealing a note to my husbands in town. They're tired of it all."

Cleave was perceptibly moved. "If you like, we can send them cards saying 'wish you were with us. X marks our...'"

"Cleave! Really your sense of humor..." broke in Basil.

"Never use it. It's for minor souls," declared the other man stoutly. "Those who haven't out-

grown their preliminaries. Which reminds me, dinner is at my house to-night. A dismal occasion. Come in your shrouds."

"Will you be there?" asked Gillian inattentively. They were sauntering towards the Ainslee drive, and Cleave's car, as usual, idled by the steps. Purpose glinted through the veil of her lashes. Her pace quickened. Before either man realised her intention she was driving past them with a derisive wave of her hand.

"Just rehearsing a new felony," she called.

Once her letter to Pamela was safely in the village post office, her spirits rose and remained aloft until she went to Jasper Cleave's house that night. Descent was swift when she saw on his desk a large framed photograph of Pamela Murdock, inscribed to him with "perennial adoration."

"Let's see the lovelight blooming in your eyes now," said Cleave, watching her intently.

Gillian, hope withered, said she had left it at home. "A little elaborate for a simple dinner," Basil's attitude was a welcome, if temporary, distraction. He questioned, admired, and demanded.

"But when did you give it to him? It's stunning. I must have one. I must have several."

Gillian said she was about three when she wore such an extreme dress and she had no new photographs. Cleave said it resembled her. Mrs. Ainslee, after a careful scrutiny, thought the photograph older. Her husband deemed it harder.

The rest of it was chaos to Gillian. She could only wonder how long exposure would be delayed, what her hosts would do, how Pamela would react.

SHE turned a frozen face to Jasper Cleave in parting, and pulled a small icy hand from his. "You've given me such a lovely evening. I only wish I could do something similar for you."

Thereafter she clung tenaciously to the Ainslees, salving her conscience with any trifling service she could invent. But she was never free from the surveillance of Jasper Cleave, still, for some reason, biding his time, and now haunting her dreams at night.

For further complication, Basil's jealousy smouldering ardor reached boiling point in the kitchen one morning, when he found her making an apple pie for Horace Ainslee. He began by disliking the checked homeliness of her enveloping apron and mounted to greater heights. Against the background of the shining kitchen, in the early revealing sun, he seemed to her depressingly garish and over-accented. She planned not to listen much.

"When would you like to be married, Basil?" she asked lightly, during a pause in his impassioned speech. "At a performance of 'Hamlet', perhaps, with me strewing lettuce in a white dress?"

"Say rather Juliet, with the famous Murdock pearls. Everyone has heard of them. And I'd climb any given balcony for you."

A brief glance passed over him. "People so seldom give balconies," said Gillian practically. She concentrated on another apple, frowning as its ribbon-like peeling curled into a large C. Nettled by her inattention, the man waxed increasingly urgent, describing the rich life they might enjoy with their assets united.

"You would have the social end of it, and I my career. Occasional travel for relaxation, and I've thought of my own little theatre..."

The answer is—

1. The same as Hobart's.
2. Smilax.
3. 62.
4. Dried plums.
5. The Philippines.
6. Period of crisis.
7. Henley. (In "England, My England.")
8. Skirt.
9. Von Brauchitsch.
10. Sturgeon. (Not an animal.)

Questions on page 28

The Cheat

Continued from page 28

"Better get one big enough for your personality," advised Jasper Cleave, scowling at them from the doorway.

All traces of tenderness vanished from Basil's face.

"Eavesdropping again!"

"It's a whim of mine." Cleave strode over and glared at the pie.

"Genuine?" he inquired brusquely.

"Copy of an original," retorted the girl, puzzled by his incredulity.

Seemingly forgetful of them, he studied the sunlight streaming through the windows, and the yellow crockery on the table, until Basil's simmering animosity took fire. He would not, he declared explosively, be spied on and shadowed, and if he wished to speak to Pamela privately, he intended to do so.

"How?" A smoky light glimmered in Cleave's usually cool eyes. "What's more, if there is any proposing to be done about here, I'll attend to it."

"You! After practically accusing her of being an impostor, or something!"

Gillian considered the derisive accents in deplorable taste.

"Jasper worships me really," she stated with womanly pride.

Basil transfixed her with an incredulous stare.

"Look at the way he talks to you. If I did that, what kind of an impression would I make?"

"We are not as the others," Amiability, returning to Cleave, expanded all over the place. "Probably Pamela hasn't explained to you the ties that bind us."

A challenging look told Gillian that it was her move, and heedless of consequences, she followed suit.

"He knew me when I was a Christian slave," she confessed gravely.

"He'd say he did, anyway. What kind of ties do you mean?"

Coals of suspicion lighted in the depths of Basil's eyes. "What is this ancient acquaintance of yours?"

"Nothing to what it's going to be," said Cleave with another oblique glance at the girl.

"Everything can be intensified," she agreed, recklessly emptying the sugar bowl over the apples.

"Don't you think those should be sweetened, dear?" asked Cleave. He watched the procedure solicitously, but Basil gazed at the two of them with a different emotion. Their present unseemly conduct, their past incomprehensible behaviour, were rapidly generating acrid fumes of resentment.

"I suppose," he suggested in biting tones, "any encouragement to me was for diversion. Nice!"

Tardily realising what she had done to an inflammable vanity, Gillian unsuccessfully attempted a sober contradiction.

"Don't deny it," he commanded heatedly. "I've witnessed your private jokes and knowing looks without analysing their significance. And now that I think about it, you both behave as though you had something heavier than humor on your consciences."

"Some humor can be ponderous." The girl's disarming smile was wasted. He countered with a random accusation.

"Half the time you don't even behave like Pamela Murdock."

Gillian was tired of him. She

Animal Antics



"Certainly I broke the vase, but she belongs to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

hadn't encouraged him. Let him think as he chose.

"Jasper is always telling me that, too." She pinched the pleat with a finality intended to end the subject.

"You're always inferring it yourself," Basil went on, finding the idea provocative. "You've been speaking in riddles ever since you came. I think," he concluded, an effective exit ready, "that I've had a fortunate escape."

Cleave surveyed his retreating figure with shameless amusement. "That," he told the girl, "is what comes of smiling at a beetle under your lashes."

No suitable reply occurring, Gillian removed her apron and threw it on the floor. Then she stamped on it and marched out with quiet dignity. If ever she achieved freedom, she promised her pillows, she was done with names for ever.

After that, Basil rested on the horizon like a cloud awaiting a favorable opportunity to storm, and Jasper Cleave's manner altered radically.

Entirely ignoring the secret they shared, he became companionable and engaging in a way which wholly confused Gillian. Perhaps, for some obscure reason, he had decided to let her depart in peace, but the suspense was unendurable. And her soul was jaundiced with the false colors it wore.

She climbed to the top of a high point one afternoon and buried her face in the grass. The sun shone on her without warmth. Fragrant winds came to her, bearing no comfort. To-morrow, she decided desperately, if nothing was heard from Pamela, she would leave on any flimsy pretext available.

"Come down from there," ordered a peremptory voice. Hastily composing her face, she peered over the edge at Jasper Cleave, waiting below with a look of unwanted gravity.

Please turn to page 31

ODO-RO-NO Ends Perspiration

Make Odo-ro-no a regular habit and you will enjoy complete freedom from underarm moisture and worse, its mal odour. Women who want to be SURE not to offend take the little extra time needed to keep the underarm dry, with Liquid Odo-ro-no. It ends guesswork and worry because it safely ends perspiration moisture.

Two kinds:
Regular—the surest
Instant—the milder



1/1, 2/1 and 3/8

The Cheat

Continued from page 30

"SOME other time," she demurred. "I'm doing my brooding now." When she saw that he meant to come for her, she made a reluctant descent into his reaching arms. He tightened his hold. When he spoke, it was with some hesitation.

"Pamela Murdock is here," he told her. "Basil the Ineffable wrote to her care of the family bank. A chance shot, but successful."

"Lovely girl, Pamela," said Gillian. "We look alike." She was amazed at the relief surging over her. Actually was infinitely preferable to the dread it inspired. After all, Pamela could explain it as some sort of jest, harmless, if irregular. In her eagerness to have it over, she half heard what Cleave was saying.

"The postmistress returned your letter to her. Knowing you were here, she thought it was a mistake. Basil evidently was more discreet about his handiwork. What are you going to do now?"

"Speak to her. I often speak to people I know." Freeing herself with some difficulty, she started for the house. He followed in a pre-occupied silence.

She paused an instant on the living-room threshold, bracing herself for the ordeal.

Susan Ainslee presided magisterially in a great chair, and behind her towered her husband, his rosy face stiff with distress. Basil was important by the mantelpiece and in the centre of the room, characteristically smart and assured, stood Pamela Murdock. Before Gillian could speak, Pamela swept down on her, eyes compelling, voice hard, words bewildering.

"You see, the likeness is appalling. She could have managed this very neatly if I hadn't come. Of course, I took the first train when I heard."

"But I don't understand," stammered Gillian, staring at her in consternation. "Surely you can't mean to imply that I—that this—"

"Her voice dwindled, despite the efforts of her will. Pamela

Murdock drew closer, ostensibly to examine the resemblance. A fierce, half audible whisper, reached Gillian.

"Play up! You've nothing much to lose, and I have. I'll pay you well." Quickly she turned back to the Ainslees. "Her hair is darker . . . It was clever of Mr. Grandison to suspect."

"Call him Basil. He knows his name." Leisurely advancing into the room, Jasper Cleave assumed command of the situation.

"Jasper! Color came into Pamela Murdock's cheeks, and a slight hesitancy into her voice. "I thought you were still away. I never dreamed you had a place here until Basil . . . wrote to me. Why didn't you do something about this yourself?"

"He probably planned the whole thing," suggested Basil darkly. "I never trusted him either."

"Don't," advised Cleave pleasantly. "Well, Pamela, on with the tale."

Pamela's tale was glib enough. Studiously avoiding Gillian's gaze, she explained that she had met a model so like herself as to cause discussion. Buying clothes at a shop she long had patronised, it had not occurred to her to be cautious over names and plans. She had intended to come here some weeks later, and delayed writing until sure of the time.

"So she coyly preceded me. Probably," she qualified conscientiously. "She only wanted some excitement, without realising the criminal aspect."

"She's been gloating over crime ever since she came. Flagrantly." The creases had widened in Basil's charm. "She and Cleave had a gay time over it."

"Now that we're all reverting to our true colors, permit me to say that yellow becomes you, Basil," said Cleave in his smoothest tone. Gillian was silent, marshalling her thoughts.

As soon as she assembled the words, she intended to reveal the whole story to the Ainslees, who, as yet, chose to ignore her presence. If the knowledge depressed Jasper Cleave, she could endure it.

"Well?" demanded Pamela Murdock briskly. "Haven't anyone a thought?" She took a cigarette from a jewelled case, and looked around her expectantly. It was Basil who held the match for her.

"I've no desire to bring charges," she said to the silent Ainslees. "Stir up a scandal and the like. Probably she's had lesson enough, and we never know the temptations of people in her circumstances."

So Pamela Murdock would not only pay, but pardon the erring sister! Borne on a gust of fury, Gillian found herself standing over Mrs. Ainslee's chair, hot words trembling on her lips. But they were never spoken. A cooling breath of sanity dispelled them. She greatly liked these people. They had shown her perfect courtesy and kindness, and nothing could alter the fact that she had taken a tawdry advantage of them.

The only atonement in her power lay in concealing the truth—that a daughter of their friends would engage a substitute rather than pass a night under their roof.

When she spoke it was in a quiet and toneless voice which admitted everything and excused nothing.

"I did want a holiday," she finished evenly. "I liked the sound of it here, so I came. I loved it, and I'm not sorry, except for the deception. That is unforgivable."

"Pretty!" scoffed Basil, looking round for corroboration.

"Another word and I'll take your part out of the scene altogether," said Cleave with such vehemence that the other lapsed into a bristling silence.

The Ainslee response was startling. Mrs. Ainslee considered Gillian for an instant, acknowledged her confession with a non-committal nod, and turned to the other girl.

"You were not an agreeable child, Pamela, and you've had time to perfect your faults."

Tension eased from Horace Ainslee's face. "My wife is never wrong," he informed the room. "Gratifying. Sometimes."

Gillian supposed her own reason had snapped under the strain, and this couldn't be true. Jasper Cleave supplied her answer.

"You're not exactly playing the game, Pamela," he said, in accents of mild reproach. "I overheard the start of it. Your idea entirely, and you had trouble enough persuading Gillian to come. You see, I even know her name."

"It isn't true. You didn't overhear any such thing!" Pamela's denial was quick and hot, but alarm looked from her eyes.

"I was at the table behind the rose trees, drinking in every syllable," Cleave told her patiently. Arriving unexpectedly he had, it seemed, gone to her house, traced her from there to the dressmaker's, and thence to Carvello's.

"When I saw someone with you, I hesitated a moment. I was impressed by what I heard, so I skulked assiduously."

"You've had enough practice," muttered Basil, visibly deflated by such an illogical climax.

"I couldn't but wonder"—Cleave spared Gillian a thoughtful glance—"how deep the resemblance was."

"That's what he wrote and told us," Horace Ainslee contributed his bit. "So we said 'let's find out.'"

"Knowing," supplemented his wife, not without malice, "that any substitute you selected, Pamela, would be in excellent taste."

Gillian, her temper spent, knew a fleeting pity for the bitter defeat momentarily visible in the other girl's imperious face. But Pamela Murdock was not one to recognize humiliation. She had blundered irrevocably, and her reluctant wrath caught at everything in its path. Even Basil was singled.

"As for you," she blazed at Gillian, "I'll take my clothes. You can go about naked for all I care."

"She can have any of my things," said Horace Ainslee, digging his hands deeper into the pockets of his shapeless coat.

Gillian could endure no more. Muttering unsteadily that she would be in her room when they wanted her, she fled before she completely dissolved.

Later, shadowed by strain, but composed, she packed everything of Pamela's but the dress she was wearing. She was sitting stiffly on the edge of the bed, wondering if she could fashion herself something permissible from a curtain or a rug, when Jasper Cleave came for her, striding in without waiting for complete permission.

"Pamela has gone. She didn't like the atmosphere. And Basil has departed owing to the heat," he announced as gaily as though the day had been devoted to frolic. "Come down and play with us."

"But I must find a train," she said feebly. "Something to go away on."

He shook his head. "Sue says you are to stay until the flowers are gone. She can't do a thing with them. And Horace wants you to help him knit a new dinner coat. Then there are my own plans for you."

"Something suitably chastening, I suppose." None of this could be true, but it was pleasant. She studied her ringless fingers and listened attentively while he explained that his plans were concerned with her new name.

"You've worn out the one you brought here."

"I've my own." "You can't go about in that indefinitely, either. Not with your extravagant face."

Gillian inspected the tip of a sandal. "Have you thought of something?" she asked respectfully.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



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5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, January 7.—
Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, January 8.—
Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, January 9.—
"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, January 10.—
Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, January 11.—
Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, January 12.—
With the A.L.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, January 13.—
The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

"There's mine," he said. "Easy to remember and warranted to last you a lifetime. I've been meaning to recommend it before this."

Now she knew that she was stricken with a lovely, incurable fever. She relaxed in the strong arm that held her.

Finally she interrupted an important silence with a different question.

"You said the name was . . . commodious?"

"It will accommodate us," said a voice smothered against her hair. "And some young companions."

A luxurious sigh came from his coat lapel. "And they can look as much like us as they please," said Gillian contentedly. "Without fear and without reproach."

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NW 40-98

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| Hgt. | 15-19 | 20-24 | 25-29 | 30-34 | 35-40 |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| ft. in. | st. lb. | st. lb. | st. lb. | st. lb. | st. lb. |
| 4 11 | 7 5 | 7 2 | 7 11 | 8 0 | 8 3 |
| 5 0 | 7 7 | 7 10 | 7 13 | 8 2 | 8 5 |
| 5 1 | 7 9 | 7 12 | 7 15 | 8 4 | 8 7 |
| 5 2 | 7 12 | 8 1 | 8 3 | 8 6 | 8 10 |
| 5 3 | 8 1 | 8 4 | 8 6 | 8 9 | 8 13 |
| 5 4 | 8 4 | 8 7 | 8 10 | 8 13 | 8 16 |
| 5 5 | 8 7 | 8 10 | 8 13 | 8 16 | 8 19 |
| 5 6 | 8 11 | 9 0 | 9 3 | 9 7 | 9 11 |
| 5 7 | 9 1 | 9 4 | 9 7 | 9 11 | 10 1 |
| 5 8 | 9 5 | 9 8 | 9 11 | 10 1 | 10 5 |
| 5 9 | 9 9 | 9 12 | 10 1 | 10 5 | 10 9 |
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Continuing . . . Landfall

from page 4

HE smiled at her.

"It may be a fine time for men, but it's a rotten time for women."

She shook herself. "We're getting mouldy, Jerry. We'll be weeping salt tears next."

"I know. It's all this beer we're drinking does it. We'd have been all right if we'd been drinking gin," she laughed. "Says you."

"We'll go and dance, next time."

She eyed him for a minute. "You wouldn't want to go to the Pavilion yet, would you?"

"I don't know that I mind much, now." He stared across the room, absent-minded for a minute. His new job with the Marine Experimental Unit rather altered his diffidence about the Pavilion. The work, so far as he had been able to assimilate it in an hour's discussion, was definitely dangerous and of the highest value to the progress of the war. One pilot, who was married and whose wife was having her first baby, had asked if he might be excused from it. That was why a pilot had been sent from Market Stanton.

Mona said gently: "Did you hear any more of that submarine thing, Jerry?"

He shook his head.

He said: "It's all over now and best forgotten. I suppose I sank it. I must have done. But it was an accident, and it really wasn't my fault. The thing was ten miles out of its position." He stared at her. "I shall be sorry about it all my life," he said quietly. "But one must go on. There's still work to be done."

They sat together without talking much. Mona did not pursue the subject of the submarine. She listened absently while he told her of the flight that he had made across Germany. There was something in her mind that puzzled her; she could not exactly place it.

Seeing Jerry and talking to him in the Coxy Cot had brought back to her mind the details of the time before when she had sat with him, listening to the same tunes on the same radiogram.

That was the time when he had told her about Caranx, when she had sat straining to assimilate the story in order that she could help him in his troubles. She sat there listening to him as he talked, and the conviction grew in her that there was something inconsistent, something wrong.

She had heard of Caranx again that evening, and it was different. Caranx was sunk by a number of bombs, some large, some small; Jerry had told her all about it, and she strained to memorise the details. But the cutting in the newspaper had said there was one big explosion. And what was that about the bow and stern coming up in two separate parts? That wasn't what Jerry had told her.

She would not worry him by raking it all up again. He had said that it was best forgotten, and it was.

Captain Burnaby sat in conference in his office in the dockyard. He sat at the head of the long green table, his massive, iron-grey eyebrows knitted in a frown as he battled stubbornly with unfamiliar problems. A stern pride had made him master every technicality that had come to him in a long career. It was bad luck that electronic theory should have crossed his path so late in life.

He turned to the civilian on his right. "If you can calibrate the circuit in the trial runs, that's good enough," he said. "I don't see where the difficulty arises."

The professor cleared his throat. He was a grey-haired, serious man of fifty, dressed in a dark-grey suit. He was not yet at home in the naval atmosphere to which his work had led him. He did not understand their processes of thought and he was ill at ease.

"We can calibrate for any given frequency," he said. "The difficulty lies in assessing the conditions as the aircraft nears the ship."

"But as I understand it, every ship has its own frequency."

"Yes—every ship of the same class has similar characteristics."

"And the frequency is always the same, from month to month and year to year."

"That is so. But, of course, it will be modulated by the direction of the ship relative to the meridian."

"Oh . . ." The captain stared at the blotting-pad before him in a giant effort of concentration. It was impossible for him to admit that once again he was out of his

depth. The wing-commander on his left came to his aid.

"The course corrector deals with that, sir. The pilot sets the course of the target ship upon the dial, you remember."

"Yes—yes," said Burnaby. "I see that." Now that his memory was refreshed, he could recall that point. The professor said: "But that's a relative correction, not an absolute one. It has no bearing on our difficulty."

There was a short silence. Burnaby turned to the civilian. "You say it's going to take three months to do these calculations?"

"At least that, I'm afraid. It means we've got to plot the influence round several known ships, in three dimensions. From that we can construct the diagrams for any other ship."

The naval officer cut through the difficulty with a swift question.

"Suppose we haven't got the time for that," he said. "Suppose I tell you that this thing has got to be in service in three months from now? I understand there's no production difficulty."

The wing-commander nodded. "It could be used in three months' time," he said. "Deliveries will be starting in a week or two."

The professor of physics looked helplessly from one to the other. "We must find out the conditions before we can make it work at all," he said.

The captain looked at him. "Can't we fly it over a known ship and poop it off?" he said. "Poop off half a dozen of them, each with a different setting?"

The wing-commander said: "Surely we can bracket it like that?"

The civilian said slowly: "I don't think you can go at it in that way. You see, you have to have a bursting charge to free the satellites. You can't do it with a dummy."

Burnaby said: "I'm afraid I don't quite get that point."

"Well, if, in fact, the frequency is lower than the setting, it probably won't work at all. If the frequency is high, then there's a danger that the bomb will go off in the aeroplane. We can't take out the bursting charge, you see."

The naval officer said slowly: "I see that."

There was a short silence. Burnaby sat marshalling his rather scanty knowledge of the subject that they were discussing. Not for the first time he cursed these new-fangled weapons. Things had been easier in the last war.

He said: "I suppose if the bomb exploded in the aeroplane we'd lose both the machine and the pilot?"

The wing-commander nodded. "We mustn't let that happen." He paused, and then said: "But I don't think it need. We can go at this from the low-frequency end and work up gently. It should be all right that way so long as we don't make any mistakes."

Burnaby said: "That seems all right, so long as we go carefully."

The civilian listened uneasily. For fifteen years he had worked in the seclusion of a Cambridge laboratory upon the research that war had switched to a new weapon. He was

a practical man, and fully understood the urgency with which the Navy drove on the development. But with that understanding he had other understandings of his own.

He knew that they knew so little of the influences round a ship; such things had never been plotted or explored. He had made estimates, and if his estimates were right, the weapon would work. If not, either it wouldn't work at all or else it would be set off prematurely in the aeroplane.

He said: "I don't think we could possibly do that."

Burnaby stared at him. "Why not?"

"Well, think of the risk."

The wing-commander said: "If we get it wrong, of course we lose the aeroplane. But I don't see any reason why we should go wrong."

The civilian said stubbornly: "It seems to me that we'll be taking very great risks if we go at it that way."

Burnaby laid his arms down on the table and stared straight ahead of him. "Let me get this quite clear in my mind," he said. "This is the last stage of our development, isn't it? When these calibration trials are done—however they are done—it can be used against the enemy. That is right?"

Professor Legge said: "That's quite right."

The captain raised his head. "Mr. Winston Churchill was talking to the Admiral about this yesterday," he said. "It's very important that this thing should be in service in the spring. He wants three squadrons fitted up with it."

The wing-commander said: "We could do that, all right."

Burnaby turned to the civilian. "In time of war one has to take certain risks," he said. "One has to rush through experimental work in a way that one would never do in time of peace. I grant you, we may lose the aeroplane in these trials. But we should save three months."

Legge nodded. "Well, that's outside my sphere, of course. If you go at it this way, we shall have a great deal very quickly. But we may have accidents."

The wing-commander turned to Burnaby. "I agree with you, sir. I think there's a case here for taking a bit of a chance."

The naval officer said: "Well, we'll take that as a decision then." He swung round on the paymaster-leutenant at the desk behind. "Put that into the minutes."

The young man nodded without speaking.

Professor Legge said: "The pilot must be very well instructed before anything is done."

The naval captain nodded. "You must have a good, steady pilot for the work."

The wing-commander said: "The pilot came down yesterday from Market Stanton. I had a talk with him this morning. He seems quite all right."

"Good. Of course, you'll do whatever can be done to safeguard him, if there should be an accident."

Please turn to page 33



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The Australian

Women's Weekly
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Landfall

Continued from page 32

THE wing-commander made a grimace. "Not very much," he said. "But I don't think it's so bad. There is some risk in it—we all know that. But if he were bombing ships in Heligoland Right he'd have to take risks of the same order. It's a different sort of risk. That's all."

Burnaby straightened up in his chair. "That's settled, then. Now for the programme. I take it that you want to calibrate upon a battleship first?"

The civilian nodded. "We shall have to have the biggest ship you've got, lying across the meridian. That's the least sensitive combination. A big ship going east or west."

"I can't let you have a battleship before Tuesday of next week."

Legge said: "The more time I can have for computation between now and the first trial the safer we shall be."

They began to discuss the details of the programme.

That night Chambers picked up Mona at the back door of the Royal Clarence Hotel when the snack-bar shut, kissed her in the darkness of the mezz, and took her to the Pavilion. They went in a little furtively, glancing suspiciously from side to side, prepared to leave at once if they attracted any attention.

Nobody took the least notice of them. They sat for ten minutes at one of the tables, warily alert; then greatly daring, they got up and danced.

They were very careful to avoid the floor until it was well crowded. Presently they gained confidence, as no one paid the least attention to them. It became a game.

"You're not that important, after all," she said.

"There's nobody from Emsworth here to-night," he replied. "Or nobody I know."

Presently he said: "Are you doing anything on Sunday?"

She said: "Sometimes we go to church."

"I thought it would be nice to take the car and go up on to the Downs and have a walk," he told her.

"All day?"

"That's what I had in mind. Take a few sandwiches for lunch and have a real walk."

She said: "I'd have to be back by six, anyway. I'm on duty in the snack-bar then."

"Swap your day off with Miriam. She can do your church for you, too."

A hundred and fifty yards away a man sat in a sitting-room alone. A gas fire hissed gently in the grate. One shaded light flooded the big table at which the man was working, littered with sheets of paper, files and books. A little black calculating machine stood upon the table at one side of him, an open attache-case was on his other hand. Slung casually across the back of a chair were the general arrangement blue prints of a battleship; upon the table were more confidential drawings.

In the stillness of the night he went on steadily, hour after hour. Professor Legge was working against time.

The little car drew up outside the furniture shop at about a quarter to two. In the room above the shop Mona's mother jogged her husband with her elbow.

"There's Mona coming in. It's ever so late."

"What time is it?"

"Nearly two. She did ought to be in before this."

"Fine goings on," said her father. Presently they heard her come in at the door, heard soft footsteps on the oilcloth as she slipped up to her room.

He said: "Who is it, Ma?"

"I think it's that young officer, Stevie—the one in the Air Force."

"I thought he went away."

"I believe he's back, if you ask me. But Mona never tells me nothing."

He grunted. "She'll tell me something when I get her in the morning. Coming in at two in the morning after being out with an officer! Fine goings on!"

She said: "If it's the one I think, he's the one what gave her that ship."

He was silent. He had seen the

galleon when Mona had first had it; from time to time since when she had been out he had crept up to her room to look at it again. He admired it very much.

As a young man in the navy he had once made ships himself, full-rigged ships, inserted miraculously into whisky bottles. He had been taught the art by an old boatswain, who himself had learned it from an older man. Now his fingers were too stiff and clumsy for such delicate work; it was twenty years since he had put a ship into a bottle.

The galleon had stirred memories in him. It was a bigger ship than he had ever tackled, and more complicated, though it hadn't got into a bottle, of course.

He caught Mona next day in the middle of the morning as she was dusting out the shop.

He said: "Here, girl, what time did you come home last night?"

She stared at him, surprised at this attack. Then she relaxed and smiled. "I dunno, Dad. The milkman hadn't been."

"Well, I can tell you what the time was." He eyed her sternly. "It was two o'clock. That's no time to come home. Your mother was proper fussed. Where had you been to?"

She tossed her head. "Dancing at the Pavilion. After that we went to the Old Oak. There's no harm in that."

He felt himself about to be defeated by his daughter, not for the first time. He said: "Who was you with?"

She said curtly: "An officer."

He said: "Well, two o'clock's too late for you to come home. Mona. You got to think of your mother and what the neighbors say. You know the way they talk. Make him bring you home by half eleven—anyhow, by midnight."

"That don't give much time for anything," she said discontentedly. "I don't get off till after ten." She turned to him. "If he works all the day and I got to work all evening, where are we, Dad?"

Please turn to page 34



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6. Rinse three times in clean, cool water and press out as much water as possible.
7. Squeeze out excess water between towels.
8. Smooth out garment to shape and dry in cool airy place, away from sun. If outdoors throw it over the line to allow the weight to fall evenly on either side. (Elastic must not be pegged.) If indoors, lay it on a towel away from artificial heat.
9. Before completely dry, press fabric portions on wrong side with warm (NOT HOT) iron, gently stretching lengthwise. Elastic sections must not be ironed at all. Voile foundations do not need ironing.

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T-20-41

Musical memories . . . and a musical quiz

New programmes from 2GB

Sunday night is fast becoming the real radio feature night of the week for 2GB listeners.

Already there are "The Youth Show," A. M. Pooley's war diary, and world-famous tenors. Now these are to be supplemented by two new programmes, both musical but from new and different angles.

THE first will be "The Hall of Memories," which will be heard every Sunday at 6.45 p.m. Devised, written, and produced by Bruce Anderson, whose experience extends to similar work for English and Continental stations, it will recall for listeners those num-

bers which have gathered associations grave and gay.

With the voice of Lloyd Lambie to weave a pattern of song, story, and soliloquy, "The Hall of Memories" promises to appeal to many types of listeners.

A feature of the broadcast will be the use of unusual combinations of instruments, such as the reed pipe and the vibro-harp, while the artists featured will include a concert orchestra, sopranos Ruth Durrell and Frances Burnand, baritone Milton Terry, The Rainbow Trio, the Uptowners Quartet, and the Rainbow Choir, with Edward Hurst at the organ.

Each programme will be built round a central theme, and the music presented with stories of the composers, and lines from the poets. A typical one will include Tschalkowski's "None But the Lonely Heart," the well-known "Evensong," "Open Thy Blue Eyes" (by the American composer, McDowell), and that old favorite, "Beautiful Dreamer."

Other programmes will be equally appealing, though widely varied. These broadcasts will be repeated on the Monday morning at 11.15.

Second new feature for Sunday evening is "Musical Box," heard at 7.45. This is a quiz, for which there are no prizes, but in which listeners can join by submitting questions they would like to hear answered over the air.

These questions must, of course, deal with music, though there is no restriction on the type. They can deal with Beethoven or Berlin, but those chosen will be for their general interest to listeners.



LLOYD LAMBIE, who will compare 2GB's new show, "The Hall of Memories."

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FLIT

ALWAYS KILLS

Landfall Continued from page 33

HE hesitated. It seemed to him to be a reasonable point. She should have time to meet a young man if she wanted to. He said: "Who is this officer? Is he the one what gave you the ship?"

"That's right."

He was silent. He wanted to say all sorts of things to her, but could not find the words to express himself. He wanted to tell her that it was no good for her to get ideas into her head about an officer, especially a regular officer, as he understood the young man was. He wanted to tell her that there were still classes in England, that there could be nothing but pain to come to her from an association with an officer—a real officer with a regular commission.

She realised something of all this that he was struggling to say, perhaps. In regard to classes, her knowledge was more up to date than his. She said gently: "You don't want to worry about Jerry. He's all right."

"Flying-officer, isn't he? With a regular commission?"

"That's right."

"Does he make many of them ships?"

"I dunno, Dad. He's making a caravel or something now."

His mind drifted from the subject, as an old man's mind is apt to do. He asked: "Did he ever put one in a bottle?"

"I dunno. I'll ask him, if you like."

He considered for a minute. "Ain't so difficult to make a ship the way he done it," he said at last. "Not but what he made a good job of it. But putting it in a bottle—that's what's difficult."

He drifted into reminiscences of ships and bottles, and the matter lapsed.

At the aerodrome that morning Wing-Commander Hewitt and Professor Legge explained in detail to the pilot what the trials were to be. "It's quite all right," the wing-

commander said, "so long as we go at it carefully. But it's a bit tricky, as you see."

Flying-Officer Chambers said: "I see what has to be done, sir. But I'm afraid I don't understand it in the least." He turned to the professor. "I don't see what makes the thing go off. Do you think you could explain it to me, in very simple language?"

They retired into a vacant office and sat down at a bare deal table. The professor took a pad of paper from his case. "First," he said, "do you know how a thermionic valve works?"

"More or less."

Legge sketched rapidly upon a sheet of paper. "Well, there's a valve. That's the grid."

They worked on for two hours. At the end of that time Chambers was mentally exhausted, though he had firmly in his mind the principles of the device. He leaned back in his chair, studying the pencilled circuit diagrams.

"I see," he said. "The milliammeter is what I've got to watch."

The other nodded. "You must watch it all the time," he said gravely. "The modulator should maintain the current at about twenty-five milliamperes. If it goes higher you must throw this switch."

He laid his pencil on the paper. "That breaks the primary circuit."

"If I don't do that I suppose the current will go on rising till the thing goes off."

"Yes. You must watch it very carefully and throw your switch immediately."

The pilot laughed. "Fun and games for everybody if I don't," he said. The civilian was silent for a minute. He had lain wakeful in his bed for the last two nights in the grey dawn, tortured by a vision of what might happen if the current in the circuit were allowed to rise. And this young man now called it fun and games for everybody.

He said: "I've been thinking a good deal about this current rise. I had

arranged with Wing-Commander Hewitt to put the switch on the instrument panel just by your hand."

Chambers said: "That's what the new thing on the panel is, I suppose?"

"Yes. But now I think it would be better if we send up somebody with you to watch the milliammeter and throw the switch immediately it starts to rise. In fact, I think I'll come myself."

The boy looked up at the professor. "I don't see that's necessary. It's only just to throw the switch if it goes over twenty-five, isn't it?"

"Yes. But you'll have the machine to fly. This thing will want watching very carefully."

"I'll put the machine on to the auto pilot. I shan't have anything to do except to watch." He paused, and then he said: "How quickly will it go up, if it's going?"

The professor turned to the litter of papers in his bag, picked out a sheet, and made a little calculation. "For the battleship, I should expect it to go at the rate of ten milliamperes in three seconds."

"And it goes off at forty milliamperes?"

Legge nodded. "Well, that's four and a half seconds. Time enough to get your hair cut."

"Nevertheless, I think another man in the machine would be a help."

"I'm sure he'd be a confounded nuisance."

There was a momentary silence. The professor said: "Well, it's as you like."

"There's two things that I'd like," said Chambers. "One's an armored seat in case that bomb goes off under me. The other is a beer before lunch. Let's go over to the mess."

For the next two days they worked on the machine. The seat was delivered from the dockyard in thirty-six hours; the pilot watched the men as they installed it. It was a quiet, reflective time. He spent a few hours more with this professor from Cambridge, and gained a clear impression of the unseen influences around the ship that would release the weapon if all should go well. He was interested and cheerful, looking forward to the trials.

He said once to Hewitt: "What's the programme, sir, if this thing works all right?"

"We're fitting up three squadrons with it. The manufacture is in progress now."

"So all we've got to do is to find out the adjustments and then we're all ready to go?"

"That's it. There'll be a bit of training to be done, of course."

The pilot was entirely satisfied. "Give Hitler a bit of a sick headache when we start on him with this," he said, with satisfaction. "Have we got to wait till Tuesday before making a start?"

"The battleship won't be ready till Tuesday."

"We could start on a cruiser."

"The battleship is the least sensitive to start on."

The boy said: "I don't mind starting on a cruiser, if it means we could get ahead this week."

The wing-commander said: "I think we'll stick to the programme."

"All right, sir. In that case, can I take Sunday off?"

"I should think so. Get some exercise."

"I'll walk her till she drops," the wing-commander laughed.

Sunday was fine, a windy, sunny day of late February. The little car drew up outside the furniture shop at half-past ten, the hood down for the first time in several months. Mona was waiting ready in her room. She shot downstairs and out of the door into the car before there could be any questions. In the shop her father and mother stood in the background among the furniture, looking out of the window, seeing, though themselves unseen. They saw their daughter get into the car, saw the boy greet her, watched the car move off.

Her mother said: "That's the one what gave her the ship."

The old warrant officer said: "He's a proper young officer, that one. Not like some you see about."

She said: "I've never known Mona go so regular with anyone, Stevie. I think she's ever so serious about him."

He said, a little gloomily: "It's no use crossing her."

"But I think he looks nice."

"Oh, ay," he said. "But he's an officer. She'd never learn his ways."

"I dunno, Stevie. Mona's very quick." She turned to him. "You wouldn't mind if she come back one day and said they wanted to be married?" She was an incorrigible optimist.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "Not if that's what they wanted. In the old days, if an officer married a barmaid he sent in his papers. That's what they used to do."

She said: "Things is different now, what with the war and everything."

He admitted that. "But if she wanted to do that, we'd see no more of her, Ma," he said. "Officers is officers and the lower deck's the lower deck."

She was silent. The same thought had been lurking in the back of her mind.

The little car made its way out of the town into the country beyond. Mona asked: "Where are we going to?"

He said: "South Harting. My doctor says I've got to get some exercise."

"You and your doctor! What are we going to do when we get there?"

"Leave the car at the pub and walk to Cocking over the Downs."

"How far is that?"

"About seven miles. And," he said firmly, "seven miles back."

She stared at him. "I can't walk that far."

"Let's see your shoes."

She drew one up for him to see beneath the instrument panel of the cramped little car; he peered down at it, and swerved violently to avoid a lorry. They were broad-toed walking shoes. "I got them for the holiday camp last year," she said.

"They're all right. You'll walk fifteen miles and like it."

"I've never walked so far before."

"You walk that far every night round the floor of the Pavilion."

"Don't be silly. That's dancing."

"I'll borrow a mouth-organ from the pub and you can dance to Cocking, then. But that's where you're going."

They came to South Harting presently, a village close beneath the Downs, a place of thatched cottages in one long street, a village inn with the spacious rooms of an old coaching-house, and a church that stood among elm-trees. Chambers parked the little car beside the stocks outside the church.

"This," he said, "is where we start to walk."

She stared at the hill above them. "You're not going to walk up that?"

"My doctor says I've got to. It's part of the treatment."

They set off up the hill.

THREE hours later they dropped down a muddy lane into Cocking, another hamlet underneath the Downs. They had seen a herd of deer, four squirrels and a woodpecker, and had attempted—unsuccessfully—to have a ride upon a sheep. With the muddy winding of the track over the Downs and through the woods they had walked a good deal farther than the seven miles that he had guessed; they dropped down into Cocking tired and footsore and hungry and thirsty and happy.

Mona asked: "Where do we go now, Jerry?"

He said: "To the pub, of course."

They found the village inn, a modest one devoted to the local farm labor. In the private bar they ordered beer and shandy at a table covered with linoleum, and unpacked their sandwiches, egg and sardines and ham. He had taken pains over the provision of the sandwiches, had explained to the grey-haired sergeant of the W.A.A.F. in the mess that his young lady was rather particular.

She had said, in motherly fashion: "All right, Mr. Chambers, I'll see to it that she gets what she likes." It was by a narrow margin that she had not called him "dearie."

The sandwiches did not satisfy them; they topped up with a plate of bread and cheese from the bar and a few chocolate biscuits.

Presently they began to walk again, more slowly this time, towards South Harting by the lanes that ran beneath the Downs. They got back there by tea-time, having carried a little while to try a pig with chocolate biscuits.

At the Ship in South Harting they demanded tea, and were shown into a large upstairs sitting-room that overlooked the village street. A bright fire made it cheerful. They washed in an adjoining bathroom; presently they sat down to their boiled eggs and tea and cake, refreshed and pleasantly tired.

Chambers said: "I'm not going to change my doctor, not for you or anybody else. It's been a good day, this."

The girl nodded, her mouth full. "I've liked it ever so," she said. "I'd like to come again, next week, or any time."

He was silent for a minute. "I don't know about next week," he said. "I shall be working pretty steadily from Tuesday onwards. When we start, we shan't knock off for the week-end."

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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BLONDE, BRUNETTE OR REDHEAD

• LOVELY OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is photographed in an exotic setting of gardenias. She enhances her piquant profile and honey-gold skin by brushing her hair back from the face in soft, deep waves. (Right).



• GREER GARSON is the lucky possessor of wavy red hair with gleaming golden highlights and a complexion that is as delicately tinted as Dresden china. (Left)



No matter what your coloring, you must at all times select your make-up with care to be sure you are getting exactly the right shade to enhance your charm.

Blondes are limited to light red or orange scales of coloring, but they can make the scheme deep or very pale.

In summer it is a good idea to experiment with a light suntan powder. Brown mascara and just the faintest touch of blue eye-shadow for the eyes. The cheeks should be delicately tinted, but lips as vivid as you like.

Brunettes are expected to be striking and vivid, and have the choice of two distinct trends of make-up. First the gipsy trend with warm, deep tan powder, geranium rouge and lipstick and dark blue or green eye-shadow; or they can contrast their dark hair with white skin and pale rose tonings for lips and cheeks.

The redhead should select light, delicate powders and deep red lipstick and rouge. The brows and lashes should be slightly darkened, and the addition of green eye-shadow provides a dashing contrast.

By JANETTE

• VIVACIOUS SONJA HENIE is a natural blonde with burnished gold hair, a flawless complexion, and eyes that are almost violet-blue.

For autumn glory...

PLANT DAHLIAS NOW!

GARDENERS are now planting out their dahlia tubers in preparation for the autumn display. If the tubers are divided carefully from the parent clumps so that the neck of each carries a plump shoot or eye, no difficulty will be experienced in raising the plants to perfection.

Tubers that were broken off accidentally when lifting, or those that broke off short during division, should be regarded suspiciously and given a week or ten days more under moist soil to show whether they are "blind" or not.

The planting of such tubers often leads to disappointment, for unless a sturdy sprout has developed they may not produce any growth if planted.

Dig the ground well and incorporate plenty of old, decayed manure in the soil, and some fine bonedust as an emergency ration. Take out the soil to about eight inches deep when planting, and lay the tubers on their sides with the sprout pointing as nearly upwards as possible, and close up to the stake. Then fill in with good soil. Tying up will then be simplified when the sturdy growths appear above the soil.

If you are growing dahlias for quality flowers, reduce the growths to one or two at most, for more mean crowded plants, a lot of foliage and poor blossoms. When the growths have formed about four pairs of leaves, pinch out the top, leaving two sets of leaves remaining on each stem.

This will retard the flowering season from ten days to a fortnight, which is desirable, since the finest flowers are always produced upon the young, more tender growth. Precocious flowering buds may be removed from time to time, until late February or March, when they should be allowed to mature, being thinned out to one bud per stem.

Subsequent feeding of dahlias is important. Assuming that the soil contains plenty of humus-making

● Although the dahlia lacks the fragrance of the rose, the carnation, and the chrysanthemum, it more than makes up for its lack of perfume by its infinite variety of form and color. Grow them this way...

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

material and is well drained, the plants will require regular applications of a complete fertiliser at intervals of about one month, beginning when the plants are 1 ft. tall.

The best complete fertiliser is made up by mixing 4 parts of superphosphate, 2 of sulphate or muriate of potash, and one part of sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda. A good handful to each plant should be scattered on the surface, and then very lightly raked in and watered.

Cultivation of the plants is also important during the growing period, but should cease when the plants are beginning to branch out vigorously or the soil will become too loose to hold their top-heavy growth. Dahlias like firm conditions round their roots when flowering.

From time to time, beginning when they are about 15 or 16 inches tall, they should be tied to the stakes, using green-stained binder twine or thick string. Do not bunch the foliage when tying up or the leaves may develop mildew during moist, humid weather.

Feed them well!

WHERE it is necessary to hasten growth for backward plants or to meet exhibition dates, this result may be brought about by the use of liquid manure. Sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda may be used at the rate of not more than 1 teaspoonful to 1 gallon of water and applied at intervals of two or three weeks.

In addition to mildew the dahlia is often attacked by virus diseases. The worst of these are spotted wilt, which appears in the form of light patches on the leaves; mosaic, which appears in the form of mosaic-



ABOVE you glimpse the stately cactus dahlia, which blooms in prolific glory round about Easter. It is an exquisite subject for indoor decoration. AT LEFT, the decorative type. It comes in a variety of colors, ranging from pure white to rich yellows, reds, purples, etc., also in variegated colorings. Plant some now!

"Medico" Tells You What to do

PATIENT: I'm afraid I have fallen another victim to athlete's foot. For over a week now my foot has been very itchy and scaly between the toes, and now it is beginning to blister. What can I do to get rid of the infection?

about
TINEA

DOCTOR: The first sign of tinea infection (variously called athlete's foot, surfer's foot, or trench foot), is usually increased scaliness or soginess between the toes, or intense itching and burning on the soles of the feet and on the sides of the toes. This is usually followed by the formation of large, raw, blistering areas. Eventually these give way to scaling and thickening, and the infection settles down for a longer or shorter period before breaking out afresh and repeating the cycle once more.

Probably 80 per cent. of adults in Australia have—or have had—either a mild or a more severe form of tinea. But, nevertheless, tinea is to-day the third most common skin disease seen by the skin specialist during the summer, and the fifth most common in winter.

Tinea is caused by a type of

fungus, closely related in the plant kingdom to yeasts and mushrooms. Similar fungi are responsible for ringworm and the "dohy itch" of the East. Tinea itself is reported to have been brought to Australia from Eastern countries, where it is rampant.

Heat and moisture stimulate its growth and spread.

The simplest and most effective ways to prevent the disease:

- (1) Dry carefully and thoroughly the spaces between the toes.
- (2) Liberally apply a plain talcum.
- (3) Treat all cracks or soginess between the toes, etc., with 1 part tincture of iodine diluted with 10 parts of alcohol.
- (4) Wear cotton socks and boil them each time they are washed.
- (5) Consult a doctor as soon as there is progressive redness, blistering, scaling, or itching which does not yield promptly to the measures described.
- (6) Shoes or slippers should be worn at all times, especially when walking on floors or on the ground.

shaped patches, and stunt. These are all incurable.

Spotted wilt spoils the foliage and delays flowering, but rarely affects the quality of the flowers. It is carried over from year to year in the tubers, however, and affected plants are best discarded. Mosaic is a most serious disease and all plants and tubers should be removed and burned.

This also applies to stunt, which causes a severe check early in growth, browning and dying of the foliage and ultimately the death of the plant. Tubers affected with stunt usually rot in the soil. They should be dug out and burned, and no dahlias should be planted in that patch of soil for some years.

Caterpillars of various kinds attack foliage and buds of dahlias, but are easily controlled by spraying with lead arsenate. Red spiders are sometimes troublesome to foliage, but can be controlled by spraying with lime-sulphur.

Thrips and aphides cause a lot of trouble some years. Dusting with tobacco dust will control aphides, but thrips need kerosene-soap emulsion, or spraying with the new tartar-emetic solution. This can be made up by mixing 2ozs. tartar emetic, 4ozs. brown sugar, and 4 gallons of water.

For young wives
and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Emergencies

EVERY mother should equip herself with a knowledge of first aid so that she can act promptly and effectively when little accidents among her family occur.

Even in the best regulated of families, where everything has been planned with care and foresight, little accidents can often happen.

Falls, burns, scalds, foreign bodies in eyes, ears, etc., often cause the young and inexperienced mother much anxiety because she does not know just how to act promptly.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



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CREAM WALLS and bright blue shutters. The old steps and mosaic verandah and path in front have been retained as features.

SMALL HOME

glows with new life!

● It's just an old-fashioned cottage modernised, but it possesses charm and quaintness not found in houses built in the past few years.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



CHARMING indeed is the re-modelled attic. A balcony has been built on in front, and windows introduced for light and air.



A MOST STRIKING FEATURE of the house is the entrance as shown above. An iron grille guards front door, which can be left open.



COMFORT AND ELEGANCE are subtly allied in the lounge, which has been enlarged by knocking down wall between two smaller rooms. Bookshelves have been built in on either side of the wide fireplace, and an antique gilt mirror hangs over the mantel. An idea worth copying.



AT THE END OF THE HALL, a built-in cupboard with glass doors matches archway into the dining-room. Attractive glass and china on cabinet shelves lend charm.

It is far harder to achieve success in the redecoration of a small house than a large one. That is why the home pictured on this page is so interesting. Without adding rooms, the owners have transformed it from an old-fashioned cottage to a most attractive, modern home. Here is a brief description of the decorative scheme:

The long, narrow hall, usually a drawback in this type of house, has been used here to great advantage. Tastefully furnished, and cleverly lit with indirect lighting, it has two fascinating features: (1) The iron grille over the front door which permits a view of the garden from the hall, and vice versa. (2) The attractive built-in china cabinet near the dining-room. The double-size lounge has been knocked out from two smaller



A DELICATE Queen Anne dressing-table, built-in bookshelves and a bank of windows are the main features of the bedroom. Quaintly patterned curtains fall to top of the bookshelves.

rooms. A small side verandah with a harbor view has been widened and glassed in, and furnished with early American-style chairs and tables. Comfort and graciousness have been achieved by the furnishing in the lounge. Beautifully arranged bowls of flowers stand on the unusually designed banks of bookshelves on either side of the fireplace. Delicate chintzes in green and gold cover the comfortable chairs, and the rugs on the polished floor are of softest green.

The two main bedrooms are downstairs, and each has its own bathroom.

The only upstairs room is a huge attic room running the whole width of the house. This is furnished with two attractive bamboo beds, with green patterned covers. Green rugs cover the sanded and polished floor, and green curtains can be pulled across the glass doors opening on to the little balcony. At one end is an alcove containing a wash-basin, and this is partitioned off with a most attractive screen which has been decorated by pasting a montage of colored photographs from various magazines, and finished by lacquering over with clear shellac.

Throughout the house the choice of fabrics and colors is in exquisite taste. Delicate greens and pastel colors for the most part make up the color scheme.

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THIS is the sort of afternoon tea you will appreciate after a strenuous game of tennis. Recipes for the fluffed ginger layer cake and cheese pickets are given on this page.

THIS spread looks very tempting and quite extravagant, yet it is simple and economical to prepare, and your guests will love these piquant savories and luscious cakes.

FLUFFED GINGER LAYER CAKE (with Nutty Apricot Filling)

Four eggs, 1 cup cornflour, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 cup sugar.

Beat sugar and egg-whites until mixture holds its shape. Whip in egg-yolks, one by one. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, and lastly fold in lightly and quickly hot water and lemon juice. Pour into two prepared sandwich trays and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. When cold fill with apricot nut filling and sift top lightly with icing sugar.

Nutty Apricot Filling: Three-quarters cup apricot puree, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 cup chopped nuts. Combine all ingredients. Two tablespoons whipped cream may be folded in.

PINEAPPLE CITRUS BAR CAKE

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon mixed peel, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 tablespoon brown sugar or honey, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Cream well butter, sugar and orange rind. Whip in well-beaten eggs. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk, and then lightly stir in mixed peel. Put half mixture into a well-greased bar tin, cover with pineapple and brown sugar and then with remainder of cake mixture. Sprinkle with nuts. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

ORANGE CREAM SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2oz. butter, 1 cup milk (or cream), loaf sugar, orange juice.

Sift flour, rub in butter and

orange rind and mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly, roll to about 1in. thickness and cut into triangles. Break lumps of loaf sugar into halves, dip in orange juice and press a piece into each scone. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes.

LEMON ROLLS

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, lemon cheese or butter.

Cream butter, sugar and lemon rind well. Add beaten egg and then sifted flour and nutmeg alternately with milk, mixing to a soft dough. Knead lightly and roll to 1-inch thickness. Cut into 2in. rounds, brush with milk and fold in two. Place on a greased tray and cook in a fairly hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes. Before serving split and spread with butter or lemon cheese.

SPICED DATE COOKIES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 4oz. dates, 2oz. chopped peanuts, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, pinch ground cloves, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter, sugar and lemon rind. Add beaten eggs and then chopped dates and peanuts. Fold in sifted flour and spices, adding milk if a little too dry. Place in tea-spoon heaps on a greased tray and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

CHEESE PICKETS

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon celery salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. butter, 2oz. finely-grated cheese, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons water, curl lemon rind, sprig mint.

Heat water with lemon rind and mint, strain, and allow to cool. Sift flour, salt and pepper, rub in butter and add cheese. Mix to a fairly dry dough, adding first beaten egg and then water. Knead lightly and roll to wafer thinness. Cut into long

strips, about one inch wide. Cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 7 to 10 minutes, or until pale brown and crisp. Cool on tray. Serve plain or buttered. Salad snippets of crisp carrot straws, celery curls or radishes go well with these cheese biscuits.

APRICOT NUT BREAD

Three-quarters cup chopped dried apricots, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup melted butter, 1-3rd cup chopped nuts, 1 beaten egg, 11 cups wholemeal flour, 11 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix apricots, sugar, orange rind and boiling water. Cool. Add other ingredients. Cook in greased nut loaf tin or loaf tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 to 50 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

TENNIS RISSEOLETTES

One cup grated vegetables (carrot, celery, parsnip), 1 teaspoon chopped eschallot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, brown crumbs, and egg for coating.

Combine vegetables (raw), eschallot, parsley, soft breadcrumbs, anchovy paste and sauce. Mould into small balls and dip in egg and breadcrumbs. Deep fry until just brown, but not dry. Serve cold with salad snippets.

HONEYED STRAWBERRY SPONGE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons boiling water, mock cream with crushed strawberries for filling and topping, strawberries and mint for garnishing.

Beat the egg-whites stiffly and gradually whip in the sugar. Add the egg-yolks one at a time, beating

until the mixture is thick and creamy. Fold in the well-sifted flour, cornflour, and baking powder. Lastly, lightly fold in the melted butter, boiling water, and honey. Pour into two well-greased sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. When cold fill and top with mock (or fresh) cream to which crushed strawberries (or chopped strawberry jelly) have been added. Garnish top with strawberry and mint sprigs.

FRUIT TEA RING

Three cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon allspice, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, 2oz. butter, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 6oz. mixed fruits, 2oz. chopped nuts, 2oz. loaf or coarse crystal sugar.

Sift flour, spice, salt and baking powder. Add fruit and mix to a soft dough with the milk to which has been added the melted butter, golden syrup, and beaten egg (leave a little for glazing). Roll into a long narrow strip; cut into two lengths and twist together. Shape into a ring, joining ends. Place on a greased tray. Glaze with beaten egg and sprinkle with chopped nuts and crushed sugar. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

ICED APPLE SQUARES

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons water, three cooking apples, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 or 4 cloves, 1 gill water, lemon icing, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Boil the sugar, water, cloves and lemon rind; add the sliced apple and cook until tender. Cool. Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon; rub in the butter, add the sugar and mix to a fairly dry dough with the water. Roll thinly and line a swiss-roll tin with half the mixture; cover with apple and then with the remainder of the biscuit dough. Mark into 11-inch squares. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 35 minutes. Cut into squares

and leave on tin until cold. Ice with soft lemon icing and sprinkle with nuts.

CHOCOLATE-COATED MACAROONS

Two egg-whites, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 cup coconut, essence (almond, vanilla or peppermint), 3oz. cooking chocolate, 1oz. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon butter.

Whip egg-whites until stiff and gradually whip in sugar and cornflour. Beat over boiling water until mixture begins to cook on bottom. Fold in coconut and essence. Place in spoonfuls or pipe on well-greased tray, and cook in slow oven (300 deg. F.) until set and the lightest fawn color. Cool on tray. Melt chocolate over boiling water and add butter and icing sugar. If macaroons have been piped dip one end into hot chocolate mixture, leaving other half white; if they are small pyramid macaroons spoon a small quantity of chocolate carefully on top of each.

BUTTERSCOTCH OATMEAL SQUARES

Quarter-pound of butter, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup brown sugar.

Melt butter, add sugar, and blend thoroughly over a low gas. Add rolled oats and coconut, and press firmly into a greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Mark into small squares while hot and leave on tin to cool.

ICED APRICOT BISCUITS

Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2oz. soaked dried apricots, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon honey, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon orange rind, soft orange icing, 2 tablespoons chopped peanuts.

Cream butter and sugar and add beaten eggs and then sifted flour. Turn on to a lightly-floured board and roll thinly. Cut into rounds. Prepare filling from the chopped apricots, creamed butter, honey, nutmeg, and orange rind. Place a spoonful of this mixture on half the rounds. Moisten edges and cover with remaining rounds. Place on a greased tray, glaze with egg-white and bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) until crisp and light brown, about 20 minutes. Cool on tray. When cold, ice centre of tops with orange icing and sprinkle with chopped peanuts.

Your turn for CLUB TEA

● These recipes are for the hungry after tennis, swimming, or walking. They are easy to pack and carry, satisfying but not thirst-provoking. Use them for your summer picnics, garden meals, for sports club teas.

By MARY FORBES

● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

We want...

YOUR RECIPES

Below are published the prizewinners in this week's contest. A fine lot they are, too. Country homemakers will be most interested in Oomitas. See recipe below.

ANY kind of recipe may be submitted, the only condition being that it must be a home-tested favorite. Every week a prize of £1/- is awarded for the best entry, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

Simply write or type out your recipe clearly, attach name and address and send to this office.

OOMITAS

South American way of cooking sweetcorn.

Four sweetcorn, 1 small onion, small piece of red chilli pepper, salt, pepper, hot melted butter.

Remove leaves of four young sweetcorn carefully, so as not to damage them (if a slice is cut off the bottom first, this is easier).

Grate the corn off cob, also the onion and piece of chilli, add a pinch of salt and pepper.

Pound these in a bowl together.

Now spread out the leaves and place a good tablespoon of mixture on each. Fold each leaf over this, both ways, till you have a neat package, and fasten with a small wooden skewer or toothpick. Boil for 20 minutes.

Serve them as they are. Open package before eating, and pour hot melted butter over the oomita.

If a more substantial dish is required, minced chicken can be added to the mixture. The leaves give the delicious flavor to this dish.

First Prize of £1 to June Scott Stevenson, 281 Edgecliff Rd., Woolahra, N.S.W.

CINNAMON RAISIN SNAPS

One and a half cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 3 cups plain flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon baking soda, pinch of salt, 1 cup of golden syrup, 1 cup raisins.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, and beat well after each egg. Add syrup and raisins; then spices. Sift flour, soda, and salt well, add to other ingredients. Drop teaspoonfuls on buttered slide, flatten a little, bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes. These are delicious, and keep well. Makes 7 dozen.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Mary K. Halloran, c/o Neylona Station, Jerilderie, N.S.W.

MIXED JELLY SALAD FOR UNCOOKED VEGETABLES

One and a half tablespoons gelatine, 1 head celery, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup orange juice, 6 ripe tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup cooked prunes, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 head lettuce.

Soak gelatine in cold water, then add boiling water and dissolve. Let

cool, and add orange juice, salt, and brown sugar.

Cut tomatoes up, grate celery, stone prunes and cut up. Add all to the gelatine mixture and serve with shredded lettuce — with or without dressing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. H. Badger, Morven Rd., Leura, N.S.W.

APRICOT AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Eight pounds apricots, 2 dozen passionfruit, 6lb. sugar.

Wash apricots, remove stones. Remove pulp from the passionfruit and place all fruit in a basin. Cover with the sugar, and let stand all night. Next day put into a preserving pan and boil till jam sets when tested on a cold saucer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Ulbrich, 10 Hopkinson St., South Burnie, Tas.

MIXED FRUIT BOMB

Peel a large, firm papaw, scoop out seeds after cutting in halves. Take small slice off each end so papaw stands firmly. Dice slices, seed and chop 1 cup grapes, large peach, ripe apple, 2 bananas, 2 oranges. Mix as for fruit salad, sweeten to taste, place in papaw. Make about 1½ cups jelly with any flavored jelly crystals. When cold, pour over fruit in papaw, set aside till jelly hardens. Serve with cubes of sponge cake or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woolloomooloo, N.S.W.

CANADIAN NUT CAKE

Quarter-pound butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2½ cups flour, 1 cup dates, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon baking soda dissolved in boiling water. Then soak dates and sultanas for 1 to 1½ hours.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg, then sultanas and dates, water and soda, nuts, then flour. Bake in moderate oven one hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Holl, 88 Atchinson St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

DRIED PEACH JAM

Put 1lb. peaches to soak in boiling water with a good pinch of soda for an hour. Strain and then soak in 4 pints water for 24 hours. Remove skins and cut peaches in small pieces.

Put them on to boil in the water in which they were soaked and boil for 20 minutes, adding juice of 2 lemons or, if preferred, the pulp of 4 or 5 passionfruit. Add 4lb. sugar and bring to the boil again. Boil quickly for about 30 minutes, or until it will set in a saucer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Tucker, Polaris St., Temora, N.S.W.



Miss Precious Minutes says:

If your jam has become sugary on top you can improve it by putting the jar in a bowl of cold water and placing it in oven. Leave until the preserve melts and becomes fluid. Remove, stir, and allow to cool.

RUN - OVER heels can ruin the appearance of the smartest ensemble or uniform. Do examine your shoes carefully, says Miss Precious Minutes, to see that the heels are trim and straight. At left you see Susan Peters, Warner Bros. player, looking over the heels of her shoes. They wear down, too, and so quickly!

To clean a white straw hat, apply a creamy mixture of sulphur and lemon juice. Apply this after brushing the hat with an old toothbrush and hang in a shady place dry thoroughly. Brush it off and hat will have attained its original color. It is said that eucalyptus is also an efficient cleanser for white straws. Brush hat and apply with wad of clean white fabric. Hang hat in airy spot and odour will soon depart.

DIP sausages into cold water before frying or grilling. This prevents them from bursting. Sausages prefer to boil for a few minutes before grilling or frying them. They cook in half the time.

WHEN your boiled custard curdles, take your egg-beater and beat for a few minutes. It will become smooth again.

IF valuable vases are being used for table decorations, fill about quarter-full of sand. This prevents them from tipping over.

BREAKFAST TIME AT COSY CAMP



THERE'S ALWAYS A RUSH ON KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES AT OUR STORE. THEY BEAT THE OTHERS HANDS DOWN FOR FLAVOUR!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes give you back the full value for your money in quality. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.



Always say Kellogg's before you say CORN FLAKES.



ABOVE you see tomato baskets. They're delicious! You need: 3oz. cold ham (or other cooked meat), 3 or 4 tomatoes, 1 hard-boiled egg, pepper and salt, a little parsley, strips of toast. Mince meat and season with pepper and salt. Cut tops from tomatoes and scoop out pulp. Chop egg and mix all together. Fill tomato cases and place on a baking tin covered with greaseproof paper. Put into moderate oven until tomatoes are tender and filling is heated right through. Cut strips from tomato tops to make handles for "baskets," sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve with strips of toast.



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR QUALITY



THIN CAPTAIN

A plain cracker with the scalloped edge slightly raised for the practical purpose of holding savouries. Equally pleasant spread with butter, cheese, or jam. . . .



BUTTER NUT COOKIE

Here is an every-age cookie with a rich, fresh, butter flavour, blended deliciously with a nuttiness and crunchy crispness. Butter Nut Cookies are already in the front rank of popularity.



SPICY CRUNCH

This new biscuit, with its sweet, spicy flavour is quite distinctive. The specially-blended spices are combined with other toothsome ingredients so as to form a very delicious crunchy biscuit.



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